The New REPUBLIC

A Journal of Opinion

VOL. LXXVI NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 4, 1933 NUMBER 983

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The Week

IF ANYTHING could make the agitation for inflation successful, it would be the sort of opposition which it has aroused. All the big-wigs, stuffed shirts and money-bags are being marshaled for a counter-drive. Since the American people have learned by bitter experience that almost everything these people favor is bad for the country, the inflationists should raise a chorus of thanksgiving for enemies of this kind. What will defeat inflation, if it is defeated, however, will be hard facts and not windy exhortation. Neither side seems to be conscious of the fact that the only way to inflate is for governments to spend a great deal more money than they receive in taxes. That is the only way, that is, unless you have a speculative boom which relies on bank credit or its funds, and agitation can neither make nor prevent such a boom. Both sides wander off into metaphysical discussion of the nature of money, and seem to think it makes a lot of difference what kind of currency the government authorizes, or what it says gold is worth. Action in neither of these respects will have much effect, whether in bringing inflation or preventing it, unless they influence the vital factor of governmental expenditures and receipts. No inflation will come so long as President Roosevelt makes any progress whatever in trying to balance the budget.

ONE excellent trait of the administration is its readiness to move rapidly in the general direction it favors, the moment any delay or obstruction arises. There is every sign, for instance, that since the outcry about the tardiness of public works, Secretary Ickes and his organization have been putting on the last possible ounce of steam, including double shifts in the office (shortage of staff has apparently been a severe handicap). Likewise he has been putting pressure on cities and states which are prospective borrowers, but are reluctant to spend more, or find difficulty in getting started. The administration also shows signs of being keenly aware of the necessity of stepping up capital expenditures in general, and is trying to bring about large purchases of rails and other railroad equipment by forcing reduction of prices on the one hand and financing the railroads to buy on the other. No sooner did the outcry of farmers' representatives for inflation become threatening than the President matched it with the warnings about dwindling relief funds, and authorized the use of $75 million or more to buy food and clothing for the destitute. This of course is not enough, but administration circles are reported to be quite conscious of the need for much larger direct relief. We have in Washington, not a soggy and insensitive mass of dough, as in some previous administrations, but a nervous, alert and hard-working group who are doing their level best to effectuate a program. If they fail—as they themselves admit freely that they may—it will be due not to stupidity or lack of good intention on their part, but to an impossibility of doing what they want to do in the social and economic system with which they have to deal.

NEW YORK CITY has taken the licking of its life from the New York Stock Exchange and its allies. New York, confronted by virtual bankruptcy, has tried one expedient after another to raise money, only to abandon each in turn as the roars of rage from the indignant citizenry have frightened

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Tammany into panic terror. The latest of its schemes involved special taxes on stock transfers (in addition to the existing New York state taxes), taxes on the gross profits of brokers, and other imposts directed against savings banks, insurance companies, public utilities and even taxicab riders. Thereupon, the chief exchanges announced that they would move to New Jersey to escape the taxes directed against them, and began working night and day preparing new quarters for themselves in Newark and Jersey City. It still seems likely that they were bluffing; but if so, the bluff worked. Tammany's chief financial adviser, Samuel Untermyer, has advised that the taxes on dealers in securities be dropped in order to prevent the removal, and at this writing it seems likely that his advice will be accepted. Not only were city officials frightened by the crash in Wall Street real-estate values which they expected would follow the move, and by the loss of revenue under the old state tax, but Untermyer says frankly that he fears the banks might blackmail the city by refusing the loan of $72 million needed to pay current expenses. Anyone with eyes in his head should have known in advance that all this was likely to happen. State boundaries mean little in the financial life of America; almost the only safe taxes for states and cities are those based on immovable property and enterprises.

EXCEPT for the students, nobody is strongly in favor of the present Cuban government, and except for the Communists and a few army officers, nobody is openly against it. President Grau San Martin heads a Cabinet which almost everybody tolerates and nobody obeys. Time after time we read of uprisings by old-line political leaders. The significant feature of these rebellions is that they are never put down: they vanish, and for the simple reason that the leaders have no following. In Havana there are strikes, intrigues, parades, proclamations; the whole situation seems vastly confused, and yet in reality it is easy to understand. Cuba is now in the midst of a social revolution. The intrigues in Havana described at such length by American correspondents are, for the most part, of no significance. The real events are taking place in the interior of the island and are receiving little attention. Everywhere on the great sugar plantations the workers are arming themselves. In some places they are striking—it would be more exact to say that they are revolting—for higher wages; in others they are seizing and operating the plantations; in still others they are dividing them among the landless peasants. In provincial cities, the mansions of Machado supporters are being seized and converted into working-class headquarters. Soviets are being formed, supported by a Red Militia. Are the Communists responsible for all this? The truth of the matter is that the Communist party in Cuba, until last summer, was a secret organization which consisted at the most of a few hundred members, and which had lost its ablest leader, Julio Mella, murdered in exile by assassins in the pay of Machado. The present upheaval is not the result of Communist agitation: there were never enough agitators to produce it. Tyranny and hunger brought it forth, but the Communists are putting themselves at the head of it. As for the present government, hostile to Communists, it cannot arrest them in regions where they are protected by the armed workers. It is a sort of Kerensky government, sabotaged by its own rich supporters, who are refusing to pay taxes. Like the old bourgeois of St. Petersburg, the Havana merchants proclaim their patriotism while hoping for foreign intervention. Kerensky fell and that year the American government made the mistake of landing troops. . . .

AUSTRIA has finally reached that preparatory stage of fascism in which emergency decrees take the place of liberties and constitutional rights, although the latter still continue to exist on paper. Such a decree is that issued by Major Fey, the real leader of the Heimwehr and Vice Chancellor in the new Cabinet, "ordering that people can be put under lock and key whether they have committed sins against the state or not, if the government is not entirely satisfied concerning their activities." The new government which was sworn in last week, in which Chancellor Dollfuss holds five ministerial posts, has begun the task of converting Austria into an "authoritative Christian German state" based on a corporate or vocational system of estates similar to that advocated by fascist theorists. This significant step was taken upon the insistence of Prince Starhemberg, the nominal leader of the Heimwehr, who demanded decisive action. The German-Austrian peasant leader Winkler, Vice Chancellor in the dissolved Cabinet, who is strongly inclined toward German National Socialism rather than toward the fascism of Mussolini upon which Chancellor Dollfuss is modeling his new regime, was replaced by the more combative Fascist, Fey, who has already announced that he will "see it through to the bitter end." Minister Enderle, who has been entrusted with the writing of a new Constitution, recommends a two-chamber parliament, an upper house of ten members appointed by the President and a lower to consist of 120 deputies, to be elected, which shall pass on "cultural questions only."

WHEN this Constitution goes into effect Austria will have definitely placed itself under fascist rule, whatever the name may be with which the rulers choose to disguise this fact. Herr Dollfuss has already announced that the existing parliament will not be reconvened. As in Germany, the new state of affairs has been accepted with lethargic acquiescence. True, the Social Democratic party, which is still numerically the strongest party in the country, resolved two weeks ago that it would call a general strike of the Austrian workers at the first sign of a fascist dictatorship. Since then the "coördination" of all reactionary political parties and

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state institutions into a corporate state has virtually established a dictatorship over the political life of the six million Austrian people; yet no general-strike order has gone forth, nor will any go forth. Unlike Germany, Austria has a united labor movement. The Communist party is so insignificant that it plays no part in the nation's political life. Yet the strong Social Democratic movement has been so infected with indecision and the maintenance of "legality at any price" that Austria's critical hour finds it impotent.

THE Dallas, Texas, police on Labor Day prevented the lynching of two Negroes who had confessed, it is said, to murdering a white girl and seriously wounding her escort. This case is unusual both in respect to the flagrant nature of the crime involved and to the energetic part played by the police. It cannot be too often emphasized that the majority of Cotton Belt lynchings have nothing to do with outrages upon white women: usually they grow out of a dispute between a white landlord and a renter or share-cropper who may be either white or black. The tenant is shot or hanged or beaten to death, the authorities do nothing, and the whole affair is dismissed with a three-inch item in the local newspaper. Thus, in Benton, Alabama, a Negro named Joe Soles was recently accused of stealing a cow which, in reality, had strayed into his garden patch three years before. Other tenants in the neighborhood report that the charge of theft was only an excuse for canceling Soles's lease. They say he was taken into the woods by a gang which included a white landlord named Edward Mealings, and Archie Bryant, Asa Mays, Arthur Hall and a Mr. Giffindown, and was there beaten with a soaked double line. The whipping post to which he was tied had already been used this year for ten Negro men and three Negro women, all victims of an organized gang which has been terrorizing renters and croppers. In Soles's case, the beating was carried too far. He collapsed and was carried to the office of Dr. H. C. Clements, of Benton, where he died. No inquest was held.—In Warrenton, Georgia, a Negro named Watson Darden was shot by a landlord named Lovett Cockwell during an argument over the plowing of a peanut field. Cockwell reported the killing to the sheriff, who, it is said, merely told him to bury the body.—In North Carolina a Negro tenant was shot and killed because he cashed the check he received from the government instead of turning it over to his landlord.—The list of organized killings grows from day to day. In three cases out of four (and really, perhaps, in nine cases out of ten) they have nothing to do with the defense of pure womanhood. They are class murders, money murders, mean crimes committed to keep landlords up and tenants down.

APPARENTLY Soviet Russia has immensely improved both agricultural and industrial production during the past year, thus dispelling many of the gloomy forebodings which followed the 1932 difficulties. President Kalinin announces that on September 1, government grain collections aggregated 360 million bushels, or 40 percent of the amount set for the year. At this time last year, the collections were only one-third of this amount. American correspondents visiting the agricultural regions report that the harvests are plentiful, food of many kinds is abundant and cheap, and that the peasants are in a cheerful frame of mind. Meanwhile industry has been forging ahead. State industries report that production of capital goods in June was 13.4 percent ahead of June, 1932, and of consumers' goods 5.8 percent. Food industries gained 13.7 percent, electrical energy 23.4 percent, coal 18.4 percent, steel 18.7 percent, machinery 26.6 percent. The output of tractors increased 61 percent for the first half-year, and of automobiles 131.9 percent. Labor productivity likewise advanced substantially in both heavy and light industry. Even the ambitious quota of the industrial plan was nearly reached in the second quarter.

WHILE the Frick coal mines, a subsidiary of U. S. Steel, fail to sign the code or recognize the union, the unauthorized strike endures and even spreads. "We take no orders from nobody but our locals. . . . When the time comes we will deal with the district officials." These are some of the statements repeatedly made by local mine leaders at a meeting held Saturday, September 23, in Green County, Pennsylvania, about a half-mile from the West Virginia border. Barge after barge of coal is being shipped from West Virginia to the Pennsylvania steel mills, which makes it easy for the Frick mines to remain closed. The district leaders of the union have said or done nothing about it, and local units have received no written instructions from district offices. Orders from district officials to go back to work would not be carried out. The strike is in the hands of the rank and file. Its leaders are miners, some of them blacklisted because of organization activities. They stand solid in Pennsylvania, but they must also have the coöperation of West Virginia and when they get that they expect, if need be, to go on to Kentucky and Alabama. Armed deputies guard the West Virginia border and turn back Pennsylvania miners who try to get across. They likewise turned back the several truckloads of West Virginia miners on their way to the Saturday meeting. But many came through on foot, swelling the gathering to approximately 10,000. "In 1922," a number of the speakers pointed out in various words, "the coke region was left in the cold; we must not do that now." Every miner, even the youngest of them, seems to remember the 1922 strike, its betrayal and defeat. All one needs to do to enlist unity among the miners is mention that strike. Should the miners' action fail, an effort will be made to enlist the aid of steel workers and railroad brotherhoods. For the miners and their sympathizers say, "if we have to eat grass, we will

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still fight on until Moses [the president of the Frick Company] comes around"—and they mean it.

IN THE meantime the Frick company has not only been endeavoring to starve out the strikers by cutting down their credit at the company store to ten cents a day per person, but is resorting to the old trick of pitting one group of workers against another. In the 1919 steel strike the American worker was set against the foreigner. Now it is the Negro against the white. At the Edenborn mine, where about 600 miners are employed, all are out save a handful of Negroes, who are being transported to and from work in company cars right through the picket line. It certainly does not pay the company to keep the mine open for some twenty-five or thirty Negro workers. But this action has stirred up bitterness and hatred to such a pitch that only the presence of the state police has so far prevented serious bloodshed. The Negro men in the "patch" are known to be in possession of firearms, and even the women carry knives and clubs. The whites, on the other hand, recall that these same Negroes were imported as scabs to break the 1922 strike. Fortunately this feud is confined to only one mine. Everywhere else a remarkable spirit of coöperation prevails.

PRIVATE electric companies have been grieved by the announcement that the Muscle Shoals Power Authority intends to sell electricity to consumers at an average rate of two cents a kilowatt hour. This will be made possible by selling the current at the generating plants for seven mills. The price, it is calculated, will cover all costs of operation and maintenance, all capital charges, depreciation, a share of the gross receipts which must legally go to the states of Tennessee and Alabama, and 5 per cent of the gross receipts which will be set aside for a reserve. Thus it is not in any sense made possible by government subsidy, either open or concealed. The inference is that any equally efficient company could sell current for the same price if it were not making extravagant profit. Yet most rates in the United States are far above this. Any householder can make the comparison if he looks at his own bill and then remembers that the Muscle Shoals power will be sold to domestic users at three cents for the first fifty kilowatt hours, and then at rates of two cents, one cent and four mills, as the use increases. Farmers will pay the same rates. In both cases there will be a small minimum charge depending on the cost of service. To this alarming news the utilities have only two answers. One is that it has not been done yet, and will prove impossible when the system is actually in operation. Time will answer that, but the calculations have been made by fully competent authorities. The other is that the government should not compete with private business. The individual's view of that answer would depend on whether he makes more out of utility profits than he pays for service. Not many do.

RECALLING war days, when the stockade for draft evaders, Wobblies and radicals generally was a familiar sight in Western towns, the city of Yakima, Washington, prepared its own concentration camp a short time ago. The building of the stockade followed one of the largest mass arrests in recent months, though, like so much news of this sort, it received little space in the papers. Late in August a strike broke out among the fruit pickers employed to gather the pear crop on the ranches around Yakima, largely migratory workers who follow the crops up and down the West Coast. Receiving three cents a box for picking pears, or a wage estimated at a dollar to a dollar and a half for ten hours' work, the pickers struck for an hourly rate of thirty cents. The attempts to picket the ranches were evidently gaining ground, for on August 25, a pitched battle was fought outside Yakima and the strikers eventually marched five miles to the city under arrest. Two companies of the National Guard were called out and fifty members of the state police; street meetings were broken up; migratory workers who happened to be in or near town and who in some cases did not even know of the strike were hustled off to jail. As the city and county jails filled, the stockade was erected and at one time held sixty-eight men charged with first-degree assault, which in the state of Washington carries with it a minimum penalty of five years' imprisonment. According to a report in The Seattle Post-Intelligencer, which could hardly be called prejudiced in favor of the strikers, the unemployed who refused to act as strike breakers were dropped from the relief rolls. Sixty-five of the strikers are still held in the stockade, and the General Defense Committee, Box 365, Seattle, or 2224 N. Halsted Street, Chicago, is appealing for funds to aid them.

We Enter the Second Stage

WHEN THE drive to bring all important industries under codes began, the administration emphasized that haste was essential, and allowed it to be understood that, in the interest of speed, attention was to be concentrated on the labor clauses. The main thing was to raise minimum wages, shorten hours and guarantee collective bargaining; other schemes for the improvement of industry were to be omitted or simplified so that the agreements might be promptly reached and approved. The codes could be perfected later, either by voluntary action of the various trade and industrial associations or through the legal power of the President to alter their provisions.

This program has been pretty closely followed. And the administration has, in the matter of labor provisions, done as good a job as could reasonably be expected—a job which would have been considered almost revolutionary in this country a year or two ago. Who would have predicted that the national government could in so short a time bring

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about the pledge of nearly all important employers, under the compulsion of law, to install a maximum working week which in only a few cases exceeds forty hours and in some is shorter, to abolish child labor, to establish countrywide minimum wages both for men and women (however low the minimum) and to assent, on paper at any rate, to collective bargaining with no explicit anti-union reservations? To be sure, there has been a slip or two, as in the interpretation of the collective-bargaining clause in the automobile code; the standards achieved are all too scanty; there are many violations both of letter and spirit; and even at the best the full rights of labor are scarcely assured by the sort of measures adopted—measures long ago established in other capitalistic and depressed nations. Nevertheless, the specifications of the original program of the new deal, whatever they are worth, have been in this respect closely adhered to. It was an extraordinarily difficult piece of work, well and faithfully done. The gain in the status of labor attained this summer may in the end remain the most solid achievement of this administration.

But how about the other parts of the codes? Attention—public attention at any rate—has been largely diverted from them by the spectacular struggle over labor. Are the several industries now equipped with machinery of planning and control which will enable them to be operated to the advantage of workers, consumers and the economic complex as a whole? Or will private capital now proceed to take away, by means of prices, rent, interest and profit, what those who earn their daily bread have managed to gain at the place of employment? Or, to cite a third possibility, will industry still be outside of conscious and intelligent control for the benefit either of its owners or anyone else? Will the prospective gains of labor evaporate because industry cannot provide enough employment and sell enough goods to validate them? It is to this aspect of the program that attention must now increasingly turn.

No complete and certain answer can be given, on the basis of existing evidence. The codes differ; but most of them are primitive indeed when it comes to any social control over production, prices and profits. The general formulas on which they are based are those which trade associations have long been trying to enforce. "Unfair competition" of numerous types is barred. There must be no secret rebates, no misrepresentation of competitors' goods, no pirating of trade marks and labels. In some cases there is an effort to prevent "selling below cost"—except under extraordinary circumstances. These things are either trivial in their effect on the economic complex, or, as in the case of direct or hidden attempts to maintain prices, they are efforts to enhance profits such as associations of business men have hitherto practised under the shadow of the anti-trust laws. They give little hint of any sound understanding of major economic problems. Will the recovery administration be able to distinguish the good from the bad provisions and banish the latter? Will it be able to enforce the good ones? And will it add other provisions which may enable a national control of industry for the general advantage? But one thing is certain: labor will have bought its ostensible gains at a high price indeed if private industry has gained by the bargain a right to continue its economically destructive practices more vigorously than ever.

Detailed examination of specific codes and of their operation will be necessary if we are to judge the probable results. But certain general propositions may be laid down in advance. The major objective of the whole economic program is a rising standard of living for the masses. This is equally true whether we regard the new deal as short-time emergency action to bring recovery, or as a permanent change in our social order. What is necessary to achieve this result?

In the first place, we cannot have a rising standard of living without increased production. That is necessary, both to supply the goods which a better standard of living would require, and to supply the employment which will enable wage earners to buy the goods. Recent increases in productivity per man-hour indicate that in order to provide full employment, industry must make a very much larger volume of goods than it turned out even at the peak of 1929. Do the administration measures lead to enlarged production? Some of them explicitly contemplate reduced output. This is justifiable in the cases of coal, oil, wheat and perhaps certain other agricultural products, because of special circumstances. If the whole army is to make and maintain a consistent advance, a few divisions cannot be allowed to get so far into the enemy's territory that they are out of touch with the rest. They must be temporarily checked. But there is all too much evidence that almost every industry believes that it is producing too much, that it is overequipped, that it must limit output. This cannot be true of all at once; if limitation of output in the interest of profits becomes general, the first requirement of the new deal is balked. What can the government do, through the codes or otherwise, to encourage larger output? Can it put into practice the economic principle, already recognized by a few private employers, that large sales at low prices are better than small sales at high?

This leads us into the realm of prices. If production is to increase, people must be able to buy more than they have done in the past. Incomes generally must rise faster than the prices of the things those incomes buy or, per contra, if incomes do not rise, prices must come down. Many of the administration measures, including various provisions of the codes, are expressly designed to raise prices. This is all very well, provided none but those prices are increased which absolutely have to go up in order to provide adequate incomes for certain groups of underpaid wage earners, small salary earners and farmers. But such reasoning cannot

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apply to every kind of prices if the program is to succeed. There must be a large array of prices which ought to fall, or at least to rise less than other prices. They are the prices of things which ought to be produced in larger quantities, and which would be bought in sufficiently large quantities to cover all the costs of their production, in case their prices were low enough in relation to incomes. Does the administration have a good means of discovering which prices these are, and of controlling them?

Third, if any permanent and long continued rise in the standard of living is to take place, there must be an increase in the over-all efficiency of production. We refer, not to mere ideal technical efficiency, which grows pretty rapidly in any case, and is already ahead of our ability to employ it in general practice, but to economic efficiency. Thus, in any industry of a hundred concerns paying the same level of wages, there are sure to be some with low costs of production and some with high costs, the others ranging between. If prices are set to cover the costs of the least efficient, they are higher than the best practice would justify. They bring large profits to the more efficient. Too wide a spread is maintained between wages and the prices of the wage earners' product. The economic problem is to raise the average level of efficiency in the industry—which means either reducing the costs of the less efficient (without reducing wages) or concentrating production in the more efficient plants. Perhaps the greatest danger of price-boosting schemes enforced by trade associations is that they prevent anything like this from occurring. What plan has the administration for counteracting this natural outcome of cartellization?

These are some of the considerations which, we are confident, must now be occupying the attention of the official economists and statisticians, and must cause them more and more vital concern in the future. Perhaps even the most intelligent attitude toward them on the part of the experts cannot bring the necessary action by privately owned industry. A fundamental question underlies the whole administration program. Will private business coöperate, under the impulsion of government, for the advantage of the consumer-wage earner? But in any case, it is necessary for the government to know quite definitely and concretely what kind of action on the part of business such coöperation would demand. This means good accounting and statistical information. We must know what the costs and profits of every business are, we must have full information about production, prices and engineering standards. The next stage in planning, after the preliminary generalizations and crude judgments are made, is to wrest from industry the necessary facts for a flexible and efficient control. The effort to get them will be rendered all the more difficult because these are facts which many business concerns do not now possess, while those which do possess them regard them as the most inviolable and private part of their private property.

Reform in the Metropolis

NEW YORK CITY is once again in the throes of its quadrennial mayoralty campaign; and the spectacle is hardly one which is likely to cheer the heart of anybody but a congenital optimist. It is true that Tammany is more completely on the defensive than it has been at any time since the Mitchel administration during the War; but there is little hope that its defeat will mean its dissolution; or that the alternative to it will come anywhere near giving the city the sort of administration it has the right to expect, the sort of administration most great cities in other countries receive as a matter of course.

Tammany's troubles come partly from the damaging revelations made by the Seabury Committee —revelations which abundantly proved not only that the Tiger is corrupt to the last hair of his tail but that he is brazenly corrupt, and that, through sheer incompetence and stupidity, he wastes almost as much as he steals. A comparison of the cost of operating New York City with the parallel expenditures in London suggests that Tammany extravagance and dishonesty may be costing the taxpayers as much as a million dollars a day. In times of prosperity, the people of New York looked upon the situation with equanimity; but now the shoe is pinching Father Knickerbocker so hard that he is unable to walk. New York is by far the richest city in America; it has a tremendous advantage over other communities because the profits from investments throughout the country are drained off and brought back to Wall Street.

Even so, Tammany has managed to destroy the credit of the city until it is faced by a choice between bankruptcy and control by a group of bankers who, however sound their business principles, are narrow, cruel and in no way fitted to guide the destinies of a great metropolis. Tammany, moreover, does not dare to go in for ruthless economy in salaries, because the city employees are its own cohorts. It is being squeezed between taxpayers on one side and many thousands of its own members on the other. The Tiger has, in addition, the painful handicap of being forced to stand by the present mayor, John P. O'Brien, who, while on the whole an improvement over his slick little predecessor, Jimmie Walker, is so dull of wit, pompous and absurd that a smothered ripple of laughter follows him wherever he goes—and in politics ridicule is far more dangerous than denunciation. He cuts such a sorry figure that Tammany's own political prognosticators are warning the bosses that even wholesale ballot stuffing may not be able to save him on election day in November.

Probably the most important opposition will come from the Fusion movement, which might better be described as Republicanism Plus, since the

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Republicans have furnished the backbone of the enterprise. The Fusionists, against the wishes of many of their own leaders, have put up for the mayoralty a better man than they probably deserve—former Congressman Fiorello LaGuardia. Major LaGuardia is a genuine progressive. He could have run on the Socialist ticket without any great strain either for himself or for the party; and indeed, there will doubtless be many persons of a progressive turn of mind who will split their ticket between LaGuardia and the Socialist nominees for the other offices. This procedure seems particularly sensible, on an opportunist basis, because the rest of the Fusion ticket is far from being up to the quality of its leader. Everyone knows that the professional Republican politicians of New York City are no better than the professionals of Tammany Hall, and the situation is not greatly improved by the elimination of the unspeakable Sam Koenig, whose prestige was badly shattered in the recent primaries. When the average New York Republican politician is not engaged in a secret conspiracy with Tammany to share the plunder, he is trying to kick Tammany out in order to get all of that plunder for himself. Every misdeed of Tammany can be matched, in character if not in scale, by the misdeeds of Republican machines in other cities.

The Socialists, as usual, have much the best platform of any of the groups, and deserve the support of everyone who puts measures above men and believes that the only real way to throw away your vote is to choose your candidates on a basis of expediency. The difficulties of the Socialists are four. First, "everyone knows they can't win," and that very fact makes it overwhelmingly likely that they won't, since most Americans want at least a chance of success. Second, since their candidates are necessarily drawn from the ranks of their party, most of them lack the technical training or the executive competence, or both, for the tremendously difficult and complex task of governing one of the two greatest cities in the world. Third, many of their policies could not be carried out for a long time to come, simply because the municipality is desperately sick and the first measures necessary are of the pulmotor type. Fourth, some of the program, excellent though it is, means little when applied to a single community and would only work if Socialism were inaugurated throughout the country. Much the same difficulties confront the Communist candidates.

Before these lines appear in print, it is likely that another entry will have appeared in the race: Joseph V. McKee, former president of the Board of Aldermen and acting mayor in the interregnum between Walker and O'Brien. Mr. McKee's abilities appear to have been overrated by the public press: any man who is personally honest looks like a miracle of nature when seen against a background of Tammany, and Mr. McKee instituted a few dramatic though unimportant economies at a moment when such a policy was highly popular with "the better element" in New York. Despite denials, it is generally believed that his emergence as a candidate would mean that President Roosevelt had thrown down the gage to Tammany, hoping to get control of the government in his native city. At this stage of the campaign, it is hard to say whether the entry of McKee would do more damage to Tammany or to the Fusionists. Certainly it is true that in such a free-for-all race, the real facts about New York's problem and the way out will be more than ever obscured.

What that problem is, New Republic readers hardly need to be told again. New York needs first of all to be made a city fit for civilized people to live in, which it is not now and has not been in the memory of its most venerable inhabitant. It needs a drastic city plan, which would be part of a regional and national plan. The whole transportation system needs to be revamped, not only of New York, but of the entire metropolitan area. The city needs vast expenditures on new schools and better educational methods. It needs slum clearance on such a large scale that without exaggeration one can say that fully half the people of the city urgently require to be rehoused. It needs reorganization of its present system of overlapping and duplicating governments. It needs to have administration put into the hands of a small group of highly trained, highly paid, non-political experts who would treat the city as being what it is: a tremendous business organization whose whole attention should be concentrated on serving the people as efficiently as possible.

The items in the foregoing list are by no means utopian. Many of them have been successfully carried through in other cities which were far less fortunate than New York as to wealth and other advantages. It is a tragic commentary on the times that with such opportunities confronting them, the citizens of New York should be obliged to concentrate their attention on whether the municipal pay roll can be met and how to prevent actual starvation this winter among the city's hundreds of thousands of unemployed.

THE NEW REPUBLIC

PUBLISHED WEEKLY AND COPYRIGHT, 1933, IN THE U. S., BY THE NEW REPUBLIC, INC., 421 WEST 21ST STREET, NEW YORK CITY. BRUCE BLIVEN, PRESIDENT. DANIEL MEBANE, TREASURER.

EDITORS

BRUCE BLIVEN MALCOLM COWLEY R. M. LOVETT
GEORGE SOULE STARK YOUNG

CONTRIBUTING EDITORS

H. N. BRAILSFORD JOHN DEWEY JOHN T. FLYNN
WALDO FRANK E. C. LINDEMAN LEWIS MUMFORD
GILBERT SELDES R. G. TUGWELL LEO WOLMAN

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Austria Confronts Fascism

A CLAIRVOYANT who could peer into the future and describe for us the plight of Vienna ten years hence, would tell us also all we could wish to know about the evolution of Europe in the interval. This city is Europe in microcosm: here all its problems converge. Ten years hence shall we see Jewish students passing in and out of the University building? Will the co-operative stores be open? Shall we see the workers and the poorer intellectuals on Sunday evening thronging to watch some rather daring "high-brow" play at their own experimental theatre? Will there be new buildings among the stately municipal erections that house the working class? In that case we may breathe freely and speak our minds, for Fascists and Nazis are not here in command. Vienna will have escaped the Brown Death. If we could next discover what percentage of her metal workers are still unemployed, and how many of the clerks of her banks and commercial houses are idle, we might draw some inferences as to what has happened down the Danube, and at what level European tariffs stand. This city cannot breathe if Europe is enslaved, nor thrive while nationalism rages.

These questions may well strike the reader as untimely satire. We shall know the answers not in ten years, but in ten weeks. Austria is about to be crushed between the upper and nether millstones of Italian and German Fascism.

We cannot guess the future, but it lies latent in the conflicts, the projects and the negotiations that center in Vienna. One premise alone is held in common by everyone concerned with Vienna. Its present state is intolerable; has been so since 1918; and must be radically altered. One need not enlarge on what everyone knows. A city that managed to live as the administrative, financial, commercial and educational capital of the Dual Monarchy cannot get a living by fulfilling these functions for a dwarf republic. If it tries to specialize in manufacture, apart from the fact that it lacks raw materials and coal, it is throttled by the tariffs and quotas of its neighbors. The consequence has been, in spite of the aid of the League of Nations, chronic bankruptcy and an intolerable load of unemployment. Austria, none the less, has helped herself. She has developed her water power and electrified her railways to economize on imported coal; she has expanded her production of cereals and milk many times over to lessen her necessary imports of food. But Nature did not design this lovely but infertile Alpine region, with a giant city on its shoulders, for self-sufficiency.

Three types of solution are conceivable for this economic problem. Up till last March the majority of Austrians desired union (*Anschluss*) with Germany, or, failing that, at least a customs union. Certainly this would mean access to a big market, but it would also mean the entry of formidable competitors from the North; nor can Germany supply the food that Vienna must import. This indifferent solution was popular because it satisfied the natural instinct for union with a people of the same blood, the same speech, the same culture. It was popular also for the reason that the victors had vetoed it.

Second, there is the project of reconstituting the old economic unity of the shattered Dual Monarchy. But the workable balance between industry and agriculture which obtained in the old area has been destroyed by the political settlement. If one could create a Danubian customs union, it would now have to include vast agricultural areas of Rumania and Jugoslavia that were outside the old monarchy. These could not find a market for more than a fraction of their produce within it. What they want is access to the German, French, British and Italian markets. Vienna cannot eat up their corn and wheat. The thing is difficult, again, because all these states, including Austria, have developed, since the Hapsburg unity was smashed, under high tariffs. Hungary has fostered her uneconomic manufactures, while Austria has expanded her agriculture, much of it doubtless no less uneconomic.

The third type of solution thinks in Continental terms. If we could reorganize all Europe on a free-trade or low-tariff basis, Vienna's problem would be solved. She would have an ample market all around her and would draw her food, or at least her cereals, from the eastern plains. Europe would adjust itself on a natural plan. The East would grow food for the West, which in turn would specialize in manufacture. Vienna, admirably placed for the purpose, would serve as intermediary and as a railway and banking center. There are many possible variants and gradations of this project, from the United States of Europe downwards. Every argument of economic wisdom supports it, while politics and history conspire to wreck it. It need not run counter to the wish of Austrians for a political and cultural union with Germany.

The politics of Austria's problem make a more complicated study. To any union with Germany, even to the first step of a customs union, France and Italy are opposed, while official England will not help. The reason is strategical. Union would bring an addition to Germany's man power: the Tyrolese in particular are first-rate fighting men.

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Furthermore, Vienna is the key to the communications of Central Europe; the army that holds it can advance over the Danubian plains. Finally, Italy has a peculiar reason of her own: if a strong Germany were her neighbor, she would not long retain her ill gotten gains in the South Tyrol, whose population is stoutly German.

France, of course, favors the solution of a Danubian customs union, not merely because it would cut off Austria from Germany, but also because it would bring her into the orbit of the Little Entente, composed of her allies. That same consideration had made Italy lukewarm to the idea. Italy is now less hostile to it. She would favor warmly a narrower version of this scheme, a close union between Austria and her own client Hungary, and she might go further. But she approves a Danubian union on one condition: she must be admitted to its markets on preferential terms. Some adherents of this idea, notably the Austrian Catholic Fascists organized in their party militia, the Heimwehr, under Prince Starhemberg, include in it a Hapsburg restoration. They imagine that Croatia might, perhaps, break away from Belgrade, and join the new Hapsburg kingdom as a third partner. This also had Rome's approval, but the French have vetoed it, since the Little Entente would treat it as a *casus belli*.

All this is highly speculative, and yet these remote and romantic possibilities do influence day-to-day politics. What actually is going on is a decorous, indirect duel between Germany and Italy for the overlordship of Austria. German tactics are simple and open. There is a Nazi party in Austria which grew rapidly and may include a fourth or a fifth of the voters; some say a third. If, lawfully or unlawfully, this Nazi party could capture power in Vienna, the union would be virtually achieved. Annexation would be unnecessary: Vienna would take its orders from Berlin. Racial purity would be imposed, and the Socialists would be placed where they could do no mischief, in concentration camps. All the world is following with angry attention the curious tactics that Hitler uses for this purpose—the almost daily campaign of propagandist talks from the radio station at Munich, the occasional dropping of leaflets by German airplanes, the coercive pressure of the prohibitive tax placed on German tourists, frontier incidents innumerable, and finally the recruiting of Austrian youths who are drilled and armed under Nazi officers in Bavaria. This last expedient suggests that an armed rising, backed by some sort of Jameson Raid, may enter Nazi plans.

Faced with this reckless and incessant effort to bring Austria under Nazi rule, the remaining two-thirds of the population is sharply divided. The Socialists, an abler and more militant party than that of Germany, firmly in control of the Viennese municipality but in a minority elsewhere, were the most decided advocates of union with Germany until the other day. Now, needless to say, they are the firmest opponents of a solution that would mean the destruction of their party and the imprisonment or exile of their leaders. They now propose that Austria should be permanently neutralized and should become a Central European Belgium—an ominous precedent. But though they have made overtures for a united front, they are treated by Chancellor Dollfuss as a subversive party. He is ruling without Parliament (in which he had a precarious majority of one vote), by means of emergency powers dating from the legislation of the war period. His policy is clericalist, archi-capitalist and deflationist. He has imposed compulsory Catholic religious instruction in all schools: he holds down the Socialist press under a severe preventive censorship: he has forbidden strikes and is cutting doles and pensions, while by various expedients of doubtful legality he seems to be trying to starve the Socialist municipality of Vienna into bankruptcy. He must fight on two fronts, against the Nazis and the Socialists impartially. For his following, including the ultra-conservative Catholic peasants and the aristocrats of the old Empire, would abandon him and go over to the Nazis if he were to show any friendliness towards Socialists, whose leaders, shameful to relate, are occasionally Jews. For one does not gather that anything really fundamental in social politics separates the Christian Socials, as this clerical-conservative party calls itself, from the Nazis. They, too, are Fascists. They, too, are anti-Semitic and hostile to labor. They, too, have their party army, the Heimwehr. But they are Catholics and monarchists at heart. They do not like the rough ways of the Nazis, nor their undisciplined attitude towards the Church.

Chancellor Dollfuss, balancing anxiously between French pressure to save democracy and Italian pressure to adopt a peculiar Catholic and medieval type of Fascism, has now announced that Parliament is stone-dead. He has his new Constitution all but ready. It may be published before October is out. It abolishes the federal Parliament. It creates in its stead a "corporative" assembly, representing various branches of industry and agriculture. The "totalitarian" state is ingeniously realized by a provision which requires that all who take a part in public affairs or sit on these councils must formally subscribe to "the principles of patriotism" *(heimat-ländische Grundsätze)*. That banishes Socialists, Pacifists, Internationalists, Communists and possibly some Liberals as effectively as Hitler's rubber truncheons could do. Further, political parties are frankly abolished and, needless to say, the Socialist municipality of Vienna will be broken up. The only element of doubt touching this Constitution is whether Dollfuss can maintain himself in power long enough to impose it. That depends on Hitler's daring and Mussolini's cunning—and not a little on the Pope.

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For support against Germany and the Nazis at home, Dr. Dollfuss turns to Italy. It is not a graceful or popular action to call in the enemy of yesterday, the oppressor of the South Tyrol, against brother Germans. What Mussolini has done for him is not yet very apparent. He has, of course, taken his share in League of Nations loans. He has made friendly remonstrances in Berlin about the broadcasting campaign, as yet without result. He is teaching the Heimwehr commanders how to organize a Fascist army. He may give Austria a free harbor in Trieste, which would be a considerable boon. There is talk also of opening the Italian frontier to imports of Austrian timber, and France also may do something of the kind. For the rest, one gathers from the Fascist press that the Duce conceived his role as that of a mediator, who hopes to improve Austria's relations first with his own client Hungary, and then with—Germany. One is curious as to the meaning of this latter suggestion. Will the Duce try to patch up the feud? Shall we presently see in Vienna a Ministry in which Nazis and Christian Socials will unite, under the protection of Rome? The idea of Austro-German union would have to be postponed—but only for a time. This is a conceivable solution, but one hardly supposes that it could be lasting. Nazis are apt to absorb their partners. If it should come about, it would mean the end of the little that is left of civil liberty in this precarious republic, and the Socialists, with or without resistance, would go under. One hears of subterranean negotiations, but, as yet, there is no sign of this reconciliation. On the contrary, the three guardian victor Powers—France, Great Britain and Italy—have authorized Dr. Dollfuss to add a militia to his small professional army and even to "borrow" airplanes for the military protection of his frontier against the Nazi danger.

This curious struggle for the overlordship of Vienna is timed for the eve of the reassembly of the Disarmament Conference. France has her *dossier* ready, which proves that Hitler has already begun to rearm. She will insist on inspection as the necessary preliminary to any measure of disarmament, however moderate, and even so she will not abandon the smallest weapon till four or five years' trial has demonstrated the efficacy of international inspection. She can count up to a point on British and American support. But Italy is doubtful. One can predict nothing with certainty as to her attitude, save that she will exact her price. If she supports France, that Power will have to concede to her naval parity or a near approach to it. If she shields Germany, then Hitler will have to abandon his ambition of absorbing Austria within any measurable time. In either case, Italy becomes for all practical purposes the suzerain of Austria, and the Danubian customs union will tend to become something curiously resembling her economic Empire. It is not a pleasing prospect, though it involves a check for Hitler. It cannot bring prosperity to Vienna, not even at the price of freedom. It means a victory for Fascism, though in its Italian rather than its German variety. It will create a peculiarly unstable balance of power, which will one day be upset, either by the reunion of the German race or by the revolt of the workers and the restoration of the republic in Berlin and in Vienna at once. Of the only happy solution, through European unity, one cannot even dream, while the choice lies for Central Europe between one brand of Fascism and the other.

H. N. BRAILSFORD.

Behind the Cuban Revolt

ON THE morning of Machado's downfall and flight, August 12, while hundreds of singing, shouting citizens were bearing palm fronds and long-stemmed yellow cannas torn from the gardens of the Presidential Palace to wave triumphantly as a tribute of gratitude before the façade of the American Embassy, other groups, more grimly ecstatic, were looting the Palace's lower floors of food supplies. The bellies of many had been unpleasantly pinching them for weeks, months and even years. Now their main thought was to carry off the large quantity of food stores which Machado, as if in anticipation of a siege, had brought within the Palace walls.

Conspicuous in a crate, grunting uncertainly, squatted a razorback hog, which had been fattened on far better rations than had most of the looters. Swooping down on the prize, invaders wrenched the crate apart and lugged off the porker, upside down and squealing with terror. This was not a gesture *pour le sport*. Nor was the hog stolen in the spirit of revenge, or with any symbolical significance. But to men who had subsisted intermittently on stale bread, coffee and garbage pickings, here was a heaven-sent opportunity to eat meat—succulent fresh pork—which they had not tasted for many feast-days. Bearing the noisy beast across Zayas Park, fronting the palace, without ceremony they slit its throat at the foot of ex-President Zayas's statue—even as Caesar was stabbed at Pompey's. Then with knives flashing from half-a-dozen eager hands, the razorback was butchered into small pieces and distributed among hungry bystanders, who rushed off with bloody joints and hunks of meat into the side streets to seek divers charcoal fires for the cooking.

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Eleven days before the hungry mob looted the deserted palace in Havana, another mob of underpaid workers paraded the cobbled streets of hilly Santiago, halted before the door of José Martinez, a member of the secret police, and called him to come out. A girl in her teens, named América Labadi, approached the man and began to harangue him in *fiesta* spirit and communistic terms. Out of fear or anger, the man shot her dead, with the whole band of so-called communists as witnesses.

Señorita Labadi was a maker of men's shirts. For sewing up a dozen shirts a day she received a wage of ten cents. By extra hours at night and expert nimbleness of fingers, an experienced woman could make as much as twenty cents a day if she sewed twenty-four shirts. Many a working girl in Santiago tries to eke out an existence with such back-breaking labor for such returns, or she becomes a domestic servant at three or four dollars a month, or she hires a room to trade in prostitution. With some the latter has been the easiest course. But the depression of the last six years has so enormously increased the number of prostitutes that the profession is greatly overcrowded, business is dull, prices have tobogganed, and many girls have barely enough spare money to pay for combatting diseases to which they are daily a prey.

Out in the sugar plantations disgruntled cane-cutters are given ten, fifteen and twenty cents a day (twenty maximum for most expert cutters) for wielding a machete from sunup to sunset under a tropical sun that can be as cruel as the moon is gracious. The cane-cutters are for the most part Haitian and Jamaican Negroes. Cubans could scarcely survive such work. The Cuban living near a *colona* (sugar-cane plantation) makes his living by renting oxcarts to haul the cut cane. For the use of his yoke of oxen, his cart, his services as a driver, and hire of a boy to prod the beasts, he receives about thirty cents a day. Formerly, for burning grass and weeds out of the tracks, the railroads employed a machine. Now it has been found cheaper to pay a man thirty cents a day to go up and down the sun-stricken rails, cutting the grass by hand. Many a man considers himself lucky to be able to keep himself and his family from starvation at this wage. (The cost of living is virtually the same throughout Cuba as it is in the United States—except for native fruits and vegetables and shoes, most items are a trifle higher.) But even under these deplorable conditions among underpaid workers, there are unemployed crying out for such dreary jobs, for anything! and the streets of cities and towns are choked with beggars.

But it is not the poor alone who suffer. Business has been at a standstill or conducted at a loss for a long time now. Although the wages are criminally low, the employers for the most part have been paying these wages out of their fast diminishing capital or from borrowed money. Over a period of more than a decade banks have failed one after another. There is hardly such a thing as a dividend in Cuba. The plantations of the rich are mortgaged. They have sacrified one security after another. They have little or no cash. Even the homes of many are mortgaged. In their homes, it is true, the wealthy live almost as comfortably as formerly, because servants are cheap. The wage for a chauffeur is $15 a month, for a good cook $10. A man servant who acts as house-boy and butler, cleaning the rooms and serving the meals, and in the afternoons "spreading the lawn with water," receives $5 a month. The rich still cling to their membership in clubs—because the dues and prices are vastly reduced: at the exclusive Union Club, where you meet "those who have been who are, or who will be," the luncheon costs only thirty-five cents—but their automobiles are five-year-old models. And their debts have mounted to such staggering figures that insomnia dogs their nights.

Many a once-affluent professional man goes back and forth between his Vedado home and down-town office by street car. One excellent lawyer, an intellectual of impeccable integrity, lost all his American corporation clients because they found it more profitable to deal directly with congressmen and judges who could be bought instead of proceeding through the usual legal channels. He is without even an ancient-model car, and has been forced to move his family into his father's house along with his brother's family and his sister's family. This doubling, tripling, quadrupling-up of families is now the rule rather than the exception and is as common with the wealthy as with the middle classes.

The latter in a sense have suffered more than the proletariat. As long as they have a little food, the Cuban poor do not let their minds become tainted, for pride is not involved. With a few cents in their pockets, the crowds sleeping on beds of thin newspapers spread under the portico of the closed Sevilla-Biltmore Hotel, on the floors of open markets and in church doorways, cannot bother to be bitter. And it is true that thousands of the poverty-stricken had rather beg a few pennies in Havana—where they can beat time to music, blink at bright lights and join the kaleidoscope of passing crowds—than plough fields, tend oxen and live remotely in their own thatched *bohios*. The vast middle group, the "genteel poor," have suffered much in heart and mind as well as physically, especially when they impotently watched the *politicos* in power draining the bankrupt country's revenue into their own India-rubber pockets.

In my hotel in Havana one of the bellboys, a youth of nineteen, is the sole support of his father and mother, two aged aunts and three sisters, none of whom can obtain employment. Nine years ago

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his father was Governor of Matanzas Province, domiciled in the gubernatorial mansion, furnished with two large automobiles. As the family fortune dwindled during the past five years, they moved into one smaller house after another, until now they are living in a place on the city's outskirts which costs $12 a month furnished. They have been forced to sell all their own furniture—all except the glossy white electric refrigerator which dominates the sitting room opening on the street. (Cubans will go through any sacrifice to buy—on instalments—and to keep, electric refrigerators. Pass along the paved streets of Havana, the unpaved streets of antique Sancti Spiritus, the labyrinthine streets of Camagüey, or the rutted alleys of squalid villages, and you will see through the tall barred front window the monumental and resplendent electric refrigerator. Glistening white, purring with mechanical music at intervals and always so placed that it can be seen by passersby, the refrigerator is their front to the world, their symbol of pride, superiority, class distinction, luxury, refinement, Americanism.) The last job held by my bellboy's father, the former Governor, was that of a doorman at a second-class apartment house. Since he lost it two years ago, he has had to be supported by tips his son receives from American tourists. The bellboy, who speaks English and French as well as Spanish and who was ready to enter the University when the doors were nailed down, is unable out of his budget to afford a razor, and considers himself fortunate to be able to borrow a dull one twice a week from the elevator boy. Unable to forego his tips, during the strike when there were no buses, he came the five miles to work on roller skates, a little shaken up by the cobblestones, but ambitious, dignified, unquenchably sanguine.

Those who have suffered most cruelly of all under Machado—because they were most violent against him—are the professors, the University students whose college careers have been interrupted for three years or cut off altogether, the normal-school students and the high-school students. The younger generation, ranging in ages from fourteen to twenty-three, together with their instructors, have been the most bitter against repression, the most daring and active in their opposition, and almost fanatically courageous in their fighting. Exile and imprisonment have been the smallest of their hardships. They have met death unflinchingly; death not merely by being shot in the back or being fed to sharks, but death by inhuman and prolonged tortures. Some were buried alive gradually. Pins have been driven under their nails, their bodies bent between heavy rifles until their bones were dislocated, their feet burned with white-hot irons, their organs of generation crushed with instruments resembling nutcrackers. Thirty young men who were mutilated are said, on excellent authority, to have formed a Union de Castratos, dedicating their lives to the extermination of Machado.

I had not believed the stories of incredible atrocities I had read during the past year. I had thought them tinctured by the yellow journalism that was rampant during the Spanish-American War. But in July and August I saw many of these things for myself. The most affecting of all cases to me was that of a country lad of fourteen from Piñar del Rio, who came to the American Embassy to show the Ambassador his mutilated hand. He was a bright-faced boy with a shocked look behind his strange smile. Machado's police had tortured him by slowly cutting off his fingers with scissors in an effort to make him reveal his father's hiding place. As he refused to tell, they had gone on cutting, and at last in disgust had thrown him into a prison pit and left him without medical attention. While he lay there in blackness, alone with his pain, his father was captured and killed.

The people of Cuba, from the highest to the most humble, have been living in an atmosphere of fear which has steadily increased since the murdering of the first student in the streets three years ago. The fear extended from the University and the cities to the country districts, where bulletins were posted announcing that a word of criticism against the government would bring severe penalties. Citizens never knew when the *Porra,* Machado's violence squad, might seize them to torture from them confessions of some fancied intrigue. An unguarded whisper of communism, or an active espousal of labor unions, or ill words spoken of the megalomaniacal President might result in several male members of a family being swung from a telegraph pole against the dawn. Secret terror as well as economic distress permeated all classes.

So it must be emphasized that the first revolt was not merely that of underpaid garment-makers, cane-cutters, stevedores, or of the unemployed whose living conditions were degraded beyond belief. The lower and upper middle classes, the clerks, the shopkeepers, the professional men, the architects, the artisans, the students and professors, even the rich, were body and soul against Machado. Out of the most callous greed and corruption, an unendurable economic system had been evolved which was good only for the politicians, the government office-holders, the army, the police force, the lawyers retained by politicians and those other go-between lawyers who received handsome fees for carrying bribes from American business firms to congressmen powerful enough to get bills passed or to have concessions granted. Thus when the complete and paralyzing strike of early August came, except for a tiny fraction of the Cuban population and the few foreigners who had found Machado pliable, the whole nation, from the rich man in his marble villa in Havana's Vedado to the unhoused beggar who made his domicile where

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night caught him, was unanimously in sympathy with the strikers. In fine, *Cuba Libre,* backed by the moral support of Ambassador Welles, struck against an intolerable situation for which, up to the coming of the new Ambassador, America, through her capitalistic interests, was partially responsible.

Almost every man who struck did so with assurance that he would have his job back as soon as Machado had departed. Most of the strikers received pay for the workdays they missed. To attribute the revolt to the Red flag would be a silly distortion of truth. Notwithstanding the desperation, the misery, the starvation, communistic leaders from Spain and the United States had had a strenuous job trying to innoculate the proletariat with their doctrine. Most of the Cubans were not interested in communism. They do not understand its principles or comprehend its ideals. On the whole they are a kindly, peaceable, childlike lot, themselves devoted to children and to music and long hours of talk and indolence. Ordinarily they demand little from life besides the natural gifts of their prodigal soil. But they do desire a little security. Too long they have been playing touch and go with death in various ways. The leaders say communism will give them security. They are in such a desperate situation that they may be willing to ally themselves, at least temporarily, with any organization which promises them relief for their stomachs.

Occasionally a group won to communism is heard to shout "Down with imperialistic America"—they are obviously repeating a line their agitators have taught them. With a return of prosperity—which could come overnight if America would reduce the tariff on Cuban sugar from two cents a pound to one cent and raise the quota—communism would probably vanish with the trade winds.

HUDSON STRODE.

Now It's Up to the Power Trust

AS RESPECTS public-utility policy, the outstanding development of recent months is the definite entry of the federal government and at least one state into the field of the generation and transmission of electrical energy to be supplied direct to municipalities, power districts and farm communities for public distribution.

The federal power project at Boulder Dam on the Colorado River is under construction. New York's state plant on the St. Lawrence only awaits the signing of the treaty with Canada. But while these projects have aroused considerable attention along with other state and local movements, Muscle Shoals has long been the conspicuous symbol of the new order because of the twelve years' struggle to determine whether this $150 million plant should continue under government operation or be leased to private parties. The urge which put this legislation through three sessions of Congress was for cheap power widely distributed at cost by public authority. President Roosevelt's expansion of the power project into a gigantic experiment in social welfare has only served to heighten national interest.

This Muscle Shoals legislation is concrete evidence of a profound distrust of the electrical industry slowly gathering through a quarter of a century—a distrust based on the widespread belief that public efforts at regulation have been deliberately thwarted. The answer of the American people to this situation is a turning toward public ownership and operation, rapidly increasing. There is no blinking the fact that the industry faces the most serious crisis in its fifty years of existence.

There was recently held in Chicago the first annual convention of the newly organized Edison Electrical Institute. This takes the place of the old National Electric Light Association, the scrapping of which was tantamount to a confession of guilt. Assurance was given the public that a new order would be inaugurated by the new organization, yet in keynote addresses First President George B. Cortelyou announced that rates could not be materially reduced because taxes were going up, and Lawyer Managing Director Weadock minimized scandalous write-ups because they "approximate only 5 percent of the total investment," and because they "do not increase rates to consumers."

More noteworthy still is the Electrical World editorial estimate of the tenor of the whole convention. To quote:

> One significant and dominant sentiment was the unanimous conclusion that increased taxes and increased pressure for rate reductions create a condition for aggressive and active industry selling. . . . A second significant impression was the fact that the silence under demagogic attacks has been overdone. As trustee managers for customers, stockholders and investors, utility executives must show courage in the public forum. They must state facts and refute malicious and false attacks. Too much silence is as bad as too much propaganda.

It is difficult to discover here any change of attitude in dealing with an adverse public opinion. It would seem that Mr. C. F. Blanchard, utility expert for Standard Statistics, in his address before the annual convention of the National Association of

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Mutual Savings Banks, hit the nail on the head when he said:

> Moreover, it is apparent that those who hold control of these properties [electric] are not going to give up without a struggle and, so far as I can see, many of them regard the recent past, with its important lessons, as a mere unpleasant interlude and are only waiting for its passage to pursue their former tactics anew. Such people are really endangering the future of the whole group.

To this must be added the stern fact that since the organization of the Edison Electrical Institute last January bills introduced in many state legislatures to strengthen regulation have been opposed in the good old way. For example, bills having the solid support of the Governors and public-utility commissions of New York, Pennsylvania and New Hampshire have been so opposed and defeated. Such tactics, especially after assuring the nation of a change of heart, will do more to alienate public good will and speed public ownership and operation than the combined efforts of all its advocates.

Speaking as one who has never been an advocate of public ownership but has long fought for adequately regulated electric utilities, I should like to give my views as to what the industry should do if it is to continue to dominate the field and protect both its investors and the consuming public.

Turning first to public relations, it is suicidal for power executives not to recognize that the present popular revolt is not a passing emotion raised by agitators and demagogic politicians. Financial stress will not permit the public to forget. Our cities, hundreds of them, are facing bankruptcy. Tax limits have been reached, but civic functions must continue. It is absurd to denounce city officials as demagogues when their widespread interest is aroused by learning that other municipalities have found relief through income from their publicly owned utilities, chiefly light plants. No wonder the overburdened taxpayer grows excited when he learns of numerous "taxless towns."

Domestic electric service has become a necessity, yet even in the best of times only a small portion of the average total family budget can be apportioned to electric service. The American housewife needs and is demanding more current. She will not continue willingly to patronize a private market when she knows that others purchase in a public market three to five times as much current for the same money.

No one suggests that the industry can change the situation over night, but the *intention* to reach, within a limited period, a radically new domestic rate level would appear to be the way out for the industry.

The men of the industry should sharply realize that the American public today is rapidly coming to think of power for domestic use in terms of averaged *two-cent-per-kilowatt-hour current,* against the five or six cents most of them are now paying for domestic service. Returning to Muscle Shoals, nothing has done more to disillusion the public as to the injustice of standard private rates than the discovery that its own current was being sold to the Alabama Power Company for *two mills* per kilowatt hour. The explanation of the company that on business grounds it could not even pay the government what it would cost to generate the purchased current in its own steam and hydro plants did not soften the shock. The knowledge that the Cleveland public plant sells for three cents to stores and homes; that the Tacoma plant sells for less than two cents; that Seattle sells for less than three cents for domestic use, makes large profits and forces the competing private company to sell at the same rate within the city limits; that Ontario municipalities average around two cents—such knowledge, I say, is spreading over the nation like a summer heat wave. It will be disastrous for the industry to continue to deny that these public plants are financially sound. Too many people know that they are sound, and misleading criticism will only react to convince the public that the industry is unregenerate in its propagandistic methods.

The situation will grow worse as time advances. Amortization of public plants is a practice the public highly approves. In fact, while the refunding of publicly owned utility-plant obligations is all but unknown, with the private utility industry refunding is the rule. The taxpayers like to think of their industry as out of debt, especially as they know that this spells progressive reduction of rates.

The industry must discard misleading propaganda. It must realize that anything it now says is suspect and that the money spent in spreading abroad misstatements of fact is largely wasted. It is vital that it cease attempting to utilize professional engineers and the professional engineering associations as mouthpieces for its propaganda. That the pressure brought by utility executives upon these associations has been and is effective cannot be denied and the public will not be slow in placing the blame where it belongs if the integrity of these professional organizations is destroyed.

The industry must take its hands off the press, the universities, the public schools and textbook publishers. No result of the Federal Trade Commission investigation so enraged the nation as the proof of this attempted seizure. Furthermore, it must discontinue the practice of paying out of operating expenses, or paying at all, the membership dues of its officials and operatives in chambers of commerce, women's clubs, Rotary and Kiwanis clubs, etc., with a view to dominating the activities of these societies, or of obtaining their good will and help.

No pledge to reform would speak more loudly than the abandonment of the industry's indefensible ownership of P.U.R.—the utility law reports. Largely through its smooth editing and interpretation of these court and commission decisions the in-

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dustry has legalistically tied the public hand and foot. Disastrous as this has been for the public, one can hazard the guess that it may ultimately prove equally so to the industry.

The industry must take seriously its true legal status, namely that it is a servant exercising public functions under franchise with its earnings practically guaranteed. It is not a free, competitive private business. It must be remembered that this is not an absolute monarchy and that in the long run these franchises cannot be held at the point of a bayonet by court decisions or by control of politics. The companies operate by public permission with attendant privileges and they are legally and morally bound to regard the public interest first. Utility operators must learn to take their eyes off the stock ticker and center them on the light bulb in the bathroom. In the line of recapturing public favor by deeds instead of words the industry should make haste to put its house in order both in the financial and engineering fields. Partly because of its mushroomlike expansion since the World War, but even more because of reckless management, it is today in a chaotic condition despite the polite assurance of convention speakers.

While the industry should wholeheartedly accept public regulation, it should go farther and regulate itself. In this respect it has an opportunity to demonstrate the efficiency of that private initiative it so long extolled. It would prove a pleasant shock to the nation to discover that the utilities, at great expense and trouble, are doing things in the public interest and for the public safety which they are not forced to do. This opens a wide field for improvement. Only a few urgent tasks may here be noted.

First, overcapitalization must end. This is basic. Whether the utilities like it or not, the prudent investment theory of capitalization must be put in force. Regulation will not work with present valuation methods. Holding companies must be restricted to their legitimate functions and not continued as rackets for luring money from the pockets of investors or for draining off the revenues of operating companies. Fantastic theories of valuation must be abandoned. "Fair value," "going concern" and like catch-phrases are becoming subjects for the jokesmith.

In rate cases before public-utility commissions the industry must cease to present absurdly unfair claims, which, sucessful in the past, now bring it into disrepute. It must decide to be content with an honest and fair profit upon actual cash invested. The public is aware that their own municipal securities are not inflated. To continue the claim that inflated securities do not affect rate schedules is merely foolish.

Power executives now admit that in respect both to generating plants and transmission lines over large areas the industry is overbuilt. However true this may be, it does no credit to their business sagacity. The industry must recognize that it is not sound policy to extend transmission lines into sections where, for example, local Diesel-engine plants can distribute current at less than cost to the utility. It must largely amortize its investment in areas where this has been done and decline to enter the legitimate Diesel-engine field in the future.

Waste both in management and engineering practice must be eliminated. Absurdly high salaries paid to officials who frequently do little or nothing must be cut out. Vast sums now spent on politics, propaganda, advertising and high-pressure salesmanship must be saved. Watchful companies are now discovering that increases in load resulting from expensive and intensive sales campaigns for appliances frequently mean exchanging a good dollar for one perhaps not so good. Attics are cluttered with appliances discarded because rates are too high to warrant their use.

Other industries have discovered that the installation of scientific management and cost-finding practices are highly remunerative. Not so the utility man. Especially in the distribution field, responsible for one-half of the industry's income, the lack of accounting control is unbelievable. There is no lack of data, but it must be assembled and the lessons learned therefrom utilized. Possible economies here are to be measured by the tens of millions.

Lastly, but most important of all, there must be a complete new set of rate schedules based upon honest costs and not upon what the traffic will bear. Domestic schedules especially must come down markedly if the average use is to rise and the trend toward public ownership be checked.

The masters of the Edison Electrical Institute both national and local are simply deluding themselves if they think the public will be satisfied with the accustomed 10-percent reduction yielded here and there, and then only after long and expensive fights. The fact that because of their helplessness domestic consumers have been discriminated against in comparison with large industrial users is now popularly known. The public is not surprised when told that this overcharge above a just rate adds approximately $500 million to the nation's domestic-service bill annually. That is why public officials as well as citizens' organizations want to know the cost of distribution per kilowatt hour. But neither the National Electric Light Association nor the American Institute of Electrical Engineers has given answer. That is why the New York Power Authority was compelled in the discharge of its duties to call an institute of public and private engineers to seek an answer to this question. That accomplished, and a simple slide-rule method developed, domestic and commercial rate schedules can be built on a cost basis from the bottom up instead of by guesswork from the top down as at present.

The yeast of reorganization is working. Whether the end result is to be a rejuvenated private industry or widespread public ownership is in the balance. The advocates of regulation are tugging at the leash.

MORRIS LLEWELLYN COOKE.

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Washington Notes

Swinging Out to Sea—Hot Shot Johnson—Making the Blue Eagle Scream—Open Shop—Rumblings of Inflation

WHEN THE magnitude of the administration program is fully appreciated and due consideration given to the fact that there was no way of being sure that it could be successfully launched or realized—when these things are considered, it is, I think, little short of amazing that there have been so few real blunders and relatively such a small amount of confusion. This is not to say that mistakes have not been made, or that there are not men—and women—connected with both the N.R.A. and the A.A.A. who are running around in circles. There are, but they do not happen to be in dominating positions and their tangle-footed performances have not greatly affected the situation one way or another.

It is no secret that there was a time not so many weeks ago when both the N.R.A. and the A.A.A seemed about to bog down and there was deep discouragement among the directing heads. There was at least one crisis which, it seemed, could not be weathered. However, it was, even though the ice upon which the Messrs. Johnson, Wallace, Peek and Brand skated was alarmingly thin. All of this was to have been expected by anyone comprehending the character of the proposals. No sensible person, I take it, believes for a moment that either the industrial or the agricultural machines could be constructed, launched and put into operation without a good many hair-raising escapes, bumps and bad moments. Obstacles and threats sprinkled the path so thickly that in the administration itself there were a few faint-hearted fellows who wanted to turn back after they had started.

As a matter of fact I am not convinced of the soundness of certain features, and some of the methods—particularly the ballyhoo—rather rasp me. Nevertheless, I do not see how any fair-minded man can fail to recognize and concede the sheer gallantry with which these men, from the President down to his last adviser of the so-called "inner circle," have taken their chances—chances which, for all they know, may result in personal and political destruction. You can doubt their judgment, dislike their personalities, disagree with their methods and theories, but you must admit they have guts.

There is still a chance that these experiments will meet disaster. The dangers have not passed. It is by no means certain that there will not be a relapse once the government pressure on industry is relaxed or if popular sentiment, now so strongly behind Mr. Roosevelt, should, through some capriciousness, weaken or change. Progress has been made, but there are still troublesome situations to solve and a good many high hurdles yet to take. This is particularly true of the N.R.A., which, through its warlike propaganda, has attained an impetus so much greater than either the agricultural or the public-works program that it has added to the risks of all three.

Even though one may readily accept the virtues of the N.R.A., one need not swallow all the Johnsonian methods or all of Johnson's ideas. One can still point out the rather disastrous effects of the General's error in the matter of the automobile code, into which, with his approval, were written words which seem to nullify the whole purpose of the N.R.A. so far as labor is concerned, and rob it of practically everything that had been promised. The fact that General Johnson publicly admits the error does not detract very much from the damage.

Certainly one effect has been needlessly to foster hostility between labor and employers, leaving both up in the air as to exactly where Johnson—and, for that matter, the President—stand on the basic question of the open shop. Again and again this mistake, despite the General's pledge not to permit it in any other code, will arise to plague him and interfere with the smooth operation of the scheme. This appears to have been his most conspicuous, and probably his most costly blunder, but it is by no means his only one. It is, I think, pretty generally conceded that the ultimate success of the N.R.A. experiment depends upon the amount of "voluntary coöperation" that can be obtained from industry. Some degree of force is, of course, necessary, and without it nothing could have been done in certain directions. However, if the plan is to become a permanent institution, then a real and not merely a surface willingness upon the part of industry to "go along" is essential. The permanent success will be in direct proportion to the amount of "voluntary coöperation" that can be obtained. If the codes are accepted and operated only under tremendous administration pressure, accompanied by threats, and with extreme industrial reluctance, then it is difficult to see how the institution can endure.

To some extent, General Johnson's troubles have arisen from too great a readiness to talk off-hand. In the natural desire to obtain full support from the "corps of correspondents," he has on occasion been lured into rather violent and unwise expressions of his views. Sometimes they have not really been his considered views. Although some of his utterances lose their violent quality when examined in the light of the circumstances when, where and to whom they were made, he undoubtedly inclined toward a military brusqueness hardly conducive to the spirit of "voluntary coöperation."

The trouble is that General Johnson tends to administer the N.R.A. somewhat as the draft law was administered during the War. Every once in a while he catches himself up in this mistake and it is then interesting to see him backtrack for a day or so, only to resume operations in the same old way. Still, when one considers the tremendous work he has done, the long hours he puts in and the strain he is under, it is not quite fair to criticize Johnson for not having perfect poise, tolerance, tact and judgment. Moreover, I doubt if there is any man better qualified for his position—at least I have heard none suggested.

Those who are concerned as to the final stand of Mr. Roosevelt in the very vital matter of currency inflation, count General Johnson as in the anti-inflation camp. On this issue he is understood to be in hearty accord with the views of his friend Baruch, who is on record as against inflation in any form. Since my dispatch of last week, the demand for inflation was increased in various sections and from various individuals. The pressure on the President

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has begun and it promises to be unremitting until Congress meets. The impression still prevails that, despite urging by some of his closest senatorial friends, such as Senator Byrnes of South Carolina, and notwithstanding the arguments of its necessity if the program is not to fail, Mr. Roosevelt is set against any radical move in this direction. But one never can tell about these things, and we never have had a President who could change his mind more quickly than this one.

Washington. T. R. B.

Other People's Money

A Paradox for the Poor—Ghosts of the Old Deal—Gambling Made Easy—New Jersey Opens Her Arms

LEST WE forget—expenditures by the national government on public works for the month up to September 21 amounted to $9,878,936. Not much recovery in that. But the old Reconstruction Finance Corporation goes along ladling out twice as much to pay the bad bills of busted banks and corporations.

Here are two edifying newspaper items:

From The New York Herald Tribune, September 21; statement by Emergency Relief Committee:

> We believe that many New Yorkers do not know that on September 22 the weekly distribution of 35,000 food boxes comes to an end. . . . Moreover it is the present practice of the Home Relief Bureau to economize by omitting food for two-week periods for many families on its lists.

Same paper, September 15, dispatch from St. Louis:

> With tankage facilities inadequate to handle the multitude of small pigs which have been bought by the government on a premium market . . . it has been found necessary to discard more than half of the meat purchased, dumping it into the Mississippi River. . . . Added to the necessity of paying something like $330,000 for meat to be dumped, has been nearly $30,000 paid to the packers by the government for handling the pigs.

I need add merely that these pigs were purchased primarily to raise the price of meat.

Of course the farmers need higher prices for pork, and the government hopes to cause reëmployment and higher wage incomes so that people can buy it. Meanwhile, Washington would doubtless say Tammany is to blame for the starvation of New York unemployed. But all this does not change present facts. People cannot eat logic or grow fat on hope.

Mr. William Woodin, the famous Participator, is still Secretary of the Treasury. What is more, the big parade of Old Deal financial "experts" continues to move into the government service. The latest arrivals in Washington, named by the Home Loan Bank Board, are Mr. James Bruce, as financial adviser to the Board, and Mr. George Lindsay, fiscal agent of the corporation. Mr. Bruce is a former vice-president of the Chase National Bank under the benign regime of its former chief, Albert Wiggin. Mr. Lindsay was a former vice-president of the Bancamerica-Blair Corporation, Mr. Giannini's bank-security affiliate and, under the late-lamented Herbert Hoover, was a special adviser of the Reconstruction Finance Corporation. One can hardly refrain from asking if, under the New Deal, there are not men available for these important posts who did not learn to do their financial thinking in that vicious old school. Incidentally, one of the latest gems of the financial department of the New Deal under the Great Participator, is Comptroller of the Currency O'Connor. Mr. O'Connor is a lawyer who had to ask lots of questions about banks when he entered the Treasury. But his education has been rapid. Last week he declared that Congress ought to put an end to the Postal Savings Bank activities of the government.

While the President is after the banks to stimulate the flow of bank credit into business, the banks are displaying a good deal more interest in the flow of bank credit into the stock market. Many of the bank funds for market operations in boom times come from out-of-town banks. But the out-of-town banks are not sending their money to New York now. The new regulations about the payment of interest on these out-of-town reserves have severely curtailed the flow of bank funds to New York. But the banks in New York are determined to keep up their old alliance with the gambling operations of the New York Stock Exchange. The New York Clearing House Association has just amended its constitution to cut in half the fee charged out-of-town banks for making loans in the call-money market. Under the old rule, the New York bank charged its correspondent 50 percent of the interest received in the call market. But under this new rule it will charge only 25 percent. This will serve to remind us of what every sensible man should remember, that Wall Street and the banks, learning nothing from the past, are busy devising means for getting around every one of the measures recently issuing from Washington to make them behave. This rule is designed to circumvent the rule against interest on these out-of-town deposits. It will probably help the flood of funds into the stock market.

The Stock Exchange is continuing its bluff about moving to New Jersey. We may still rest assured, unfortunately, that it is only a bluff. But if the Exchange should carry out its threat, what further argument will the federal government need to be convinced that no state will ever be able to deal with the national evil and the national scandal of this dangerous outlaw? There will always be states to which it can fly. And in this instance it is New Jersey, the state of Woodrow Wilson, who put through the famous "seven sister" laws to end racketeering in corporation charters, and it is the Democratic successor to Woodrow Wilson, Governor Moore, who urges the Stock Exchange to come to New Jersey and enjoy the immunity which bootleggers, racetrack touts and racketeers of all descriptions have enjoyed under the benign sway of Mr. Hague and his little Governors. In moving across the river to Jersey the Exchange is going too far. It would be better for the country if it moved just halfway across.

JOHN T. FLYNN.

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Uncle Tom's Measure

WRITING this article on a book so famous makes me feel as if I were writing "The Real George Washington," "The Real Lincoln" or some such work, one of those efforts that agree to provide the final measure of a well known figure. Growing up in the South I never as a child—which would have been the time to read it—or as a youth—which would have been the time to hate it—read Mrs. Stowe's "Uncle Tom's Cabin" and never knew people who had. Diverse things were clear: it was anathema; it had affected the question of slavery and helped the Abolitionists; it was lies, or so we should think. At any rate I have read this book lately, and have thereupon found after inquiry that few people I know North or South have ever read it. What they think of the story, evidently, is based on their having seen the play made from it. I have never seen the play. I have only seen posters, such as that with the bloodhounds pursuing Eliza across great cakes of river ice, and seen vaudeville skits on the vision of little Eva in heaven, or Topsy and Eva; and I had a friend once who called certain musical effects of shivering and *tremolo* Eliza-on-the-ice music. When it occurred to me to read the novel I found myself quite excited. It was as if a place, a monument, an exhibition, about whose historical and peculiar importance one has heard all one's life, one were about to see. "Uncle Tom's Cabin" was, in the most exact terms, for me an adventure. And I have thought that the report of this excursion might, perhaps, be of interest to some.

Not having seen the play was a good thing. I can understand now how people who go by that may be easily put off. Stage devices and the vividness of the impersonators no doubt give an illusion of reality or conviction which in the book may not exist. In fact the first thing that struck me in Mrs. Stowe's book, which brought her responses from over the wide world, Jenny Lind to Timbuctoo, was the complete poverty of the execution. The scenes are poor, the characters are clumsily done. There are heavy underscorings and typifications that get along with the theme; but the book, scene by scene, is appalling, very. As literary effort "Uncle Tom's Cabin" is mere period trash; which means something that would in any epoch have been trash, but that is trash rendered in the style of a certain epoch, in this case the mid-nineteenth century, a slightly belated American version of the English manner of that day. From what-not, skits and posters, I had, for example, got the impression that Topsy was a unique little character, comical, who "just growed," as they quote it; and the death of little Eva I fancied to exhibit at least a theatrical emotion. But I find that Topsy is merely sketched in, and very poorly and stiffly. As for Eliza's escape and the ice, it is done in a few weak lines, and no bloodhounds at all. As for the death of little Eva, I used to think that scene in Madame Glyn's "Three Weeks" where the mysterious lady reads Latin to the ravished young English lover and says "Now I must sing," the funniest scene in modern English (for it is a fact that the most comic passages, thanks to racial sentiment, in our language were not meant to be comic at all). But this deathbed of Eva beats, in a direction quite its own, all the Glyn rug *volupté* and snooty exoticism.

Eva, at the time we first hear her exhort her father and distribute a very polysyllabic Christian love for all men, was between five and six, so that at the time of her death—she was touched with consumption—she must have been toward seven. She wants some of her hair cut off, she wants to give it away.

Her father, St. Clare, says cut it underneath. "Eva's curls are my pride."

"Oh, papa!" said Eva, sadly.

She will not need them, for she is going to a better place, and she wants her father too to believe in heaven.

Eva wants their people called together, she has something she "*must* say to them." The household slaves gather in the room, they kneel, with groans and tears, "after the manner of their susceptible race." Eva says they must not interrupt her, she tells them what will be their salvation, for some of them she fears "are very careless." "Oh, dear! you *can't* read—poor souls!" (one of the themes of the book) "and she hid her face in the pillow and sobbed, while many a smothered sob from those she was addressing, who were kneeling on the floor, aroused her."

But Eva knows they all love her, she says, and she is going to give all of them a curl, and will expect to see them in heaven. Each took his gift.

"Here, Uncle Tom," said Eva, "is a beautiful one for you."

With Mrs. Stowe it is more a lack of literary talent than—shall we say?—brains or experience and observation, for she had been thrown in contact with slavery and knew much about Southern varieties of slave and family and plantation life or incident. She has seen plenty of blacks but cannot make them talk. Her ear is impossible; she has no sense of their rhythm or vividness. She has no knowledge of their African past and appears to picture African families as living hearths of devotion, despite the fact that many slaves were sold to the traders by their own kin and tribesmen. Her main character, Uncle Tom, she intends as a vehicle that will convey to us the Negro goodness; but she makes him only a dummy. The special goodness characteristic of his kind, with its own spontaneity, simplicity, innocence, animality and beauty, eludes her. All she can do with her material is to superimpose her own ideas, rule the figures of her story into definite types in the argument and plod onward very seriously and with a curious elaboration.

What, then, can be the point about this epochal book? For it cannot be true that a book can make such a stir in the world as did "Uncle Tom's Cabin" and have no virtues. Apart from the topicalities and incidental appeal of the subject, the problem analyzes itself down to simple terms:

The argument is scrupulously divided, fair to both sides. I should be astonished after reading the book to think how poignantly it struck the North and how it enraged the South, if I had not had a chance during the World War to see what passion, prejudice and the force of issues do to people's minds. As far as individuals themselves go, man to man, the people in the North get quite as much dressing down from Mrs. Stowe as the Southerners do; you could not imagine—save at your peril and the threat of even more of those infinite, boring scenes where the points are to be established—a greater show of justice in the debate. On

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one ground only the Southern indignation can be justified. It did not appear to Mrs. Stowe, but it was a real ground: she settles the matter too easily. Plenty of Southern people did not believe in slavery, but they knew no ready solution for the problem. Mrs. Stowe in just getting the slaves free, happy and whole, sails a bit head-on. What, for example, were they to do in West Feliciana Parish, Louisiana, where the blacks were six to one white? On this ground her smooth and holy solutions were rightly irritating. Otherwise her blows are equally distributed, whether on Northern conscience or on Southern property and pride.

What then?

In the first place, the piety and simplicity of outline. Mrs. Stowe is a genuine Christian, a mid-Victorian Christian, plus an early Christian. Anyone who thinks he can deal with the finality and opacity of that will do well to remember the Roman emperors. She had perfect faith in Education, Virginity, Family Life, Law, Prayer, Wrong and Right: they are as clear to her as the next world was to little Eva. Technically her book is led to choosing two themes which are indisputable and which have human interest with a bang. The two defects that are inherent in slavery and that compose these themes are, first, slavery could lead to the separation of families, a hideous inhumanity that nobody could deny. It is true that many slaveholders made the greatest effort to hold families together and where it was necessary bought slaves to this end; but the possibility of the evil cannot be disputed. The other defect inherent was that the prosperity of the slave depended on the master into whose hands he fell, which cannot be denied either. With these two theses once established, the whole story moves off, the sellings and divisions of loved ones like Eliza and her decorous young mulatto husband, the break-up of Aunt Chloe and Uncle Tom, the several mothers and their babies, and Uncle Tom's landing finally (though his young master had meant to free him and had only been prevented by getting stabbed in a tavern) in the hands of Legree, who finished him off with whips and tortures.

Here for an emotional finale to her argument and exhortation, Mrs. Stowe resorts to a pathological case in selling Tom to a man whose pleasures lead him into destroying what cost him fifteen hundred dollars, a situation too lavish to be common even among the brutal slaveholding men down the river. Nevertheless it fits the argument. And it is the best part of the book as fiction. The Gothic novel helps the writer at this point toward effects of terror, and there is something savory enough in this mad figure torturing, drinking, killing, whatever the expense and the probability. Good raw horror, mystery and sanctity have after all their literary rights.

By these maneuvers the argument is thus clinched. Splitting things up into motives that an idiot could not miss and ladling them on, plus genuine and courageous conviction and a fairly reckless sociological heedlessness in the writer's soul do the rest. A certain strong, clear pattern arrives for "Uncle Tom's Cabin." And it may well stick in your mind, as it did in the world's, when you have had time enough to forget what trash the actual performance and execution page by page has been.

STARK YOUNG.

Tempest over Eisenstein

PROBABLY no film has ever excited more pre-natal controversy, even per mile, than the quarter of a million feet of celluloid which Sergei Eisenstein shot in Mexico over a year ago. I do not propose to sum up and pass judgment upon the quarter of a million words shot at each other, in Mexico, the United States, the Soviet Union and other countries, by the disputants, most of whom have never seen all of the film that Eisenstein took, have no way of knowing what Eisenstein would have done with it had he been allowed to finish the job, and are therefore steered toward an opinion in the matter chiefly by whatever winds of doctrine prevail within their own heads.

While I propose to record merely what I saw on the screen, a brief, and necessarily inaccurate, summary of the dispute is perhaps in order. Upton Sinclair and others raised money for Eisenstein to use in making a Mexican film. They say that Eisenstein turned up late at dinner parties given by possible angels, spent four times the original advance (forcing Mrs. Upton Sinclair to mortgage her home) and stayed in Mexico sixteen months instead of three. Then the wicked Hoover administration refused to extend his visa, and Eisenstein had to leave before he could turn his fifty miles of Mexican material into a completed picture. Upton Sinclair tried to sell the film, as was, to Hollywood; to the Soviets, who turned it down (and are reported as being annoyed with Eisenstein for his Mexican jaunt). It was then cut and patched into the version that is now being shown at the Rialto Theatre, New York City.

The other side insists that this piece of editing, without the help of the only man really qualified to do it, is gross vandalism and a maimed perversion of what might have been an epoch-making epic of proletarian Mexico; that it is just too bad about the money sunk in the expedition and the mortgage on Mrs. Sinclair's house; that a great artist has a permanent lien on his own brain children, and that Eisenstein's name should be removed from this commercialized atrocity—which ought never to have been released.

"Thunder Over Mexico"—let us call it the Eisenstein-Sinclair-Sol Lesser film—begins as a historical travelogue. Shots of deserts and snow-capped volcanoes, of splendid Mayan ruins rising from the jungles of Yucatan, of savage faces carved in ancient stone—with the like and living faces of their descendants cleverly juxtaposed. Then more faces—Indian faces of pale, inscrutable beauty, and one unforgettable picture of part of a face, just the eyes, nose and mouth, secret, motionless, alive. Then Spanish faces, señoritas in mantillas, and a bull chasing toreros around the ring. Superimposed shots; señoritas with horns, bulls bursting through mantillas—very hard on the eyes, and reiterated until you want to scream, "I get it! The Spaniards conquered the Mexicans!" Then a portrait of Díaz (under whose reign the story of the film takes place), stiff and splendid and be-medaled enough to decorate a box of cigars.

The story gets under way. The walls of a great *hacienda,* stern and naked as a fortress, surrounded by a dry sea of cactus. A peon, Sebastian, at work, slashing at the spiny flesh of century plants, sucking the liquid up into a gourd. Now Sebastian is leading his betrothed, on a

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donkey. The girl, Maria, is one of Eisenstein's finds—like so many of the people in his films, she has never acted before. A sad, beautiful face, with a narrow range of expression.

Far away, against the mountains, and almost shut out by the sharp leaves of a century plant which fills most of the foreground, we see Sebastian, and the girl on the donkey, and another peon. The composition of the picture, so simple and poetic, the broad clear masses of light and shadow, the absence of all pictorially irrelevant detail, make it one of the most beautiful moments I have ever seen on the screen. "Thunder Over Mexico" is full of such moments.

The courtyard of the *hacienda.* Sebastian comes to present his betrothed for the approval of the *hacendado.* This lordly presence is not for peons, so Sebastian waits below in the vast courtyard, while Maria stands shyly before the master. The *hacendado* has a lecherous-looking guest, who winks at a guard, and closes a door behind him. As Maria goes, demure as a nun, the door opens and the villain pulls her in. The guard leans leering against the closed door.

So we're in for the old *droit du seigneur* story. Sebastian learns of the rape, rushes up, protests, is overcome and led off, while Maria is shoved into a dungeon. Sebastian and his friends steal rifles and attempt a rescue. They fail, and run away under fire. A caption bursts on us (the film, by the way, is vocally silent, with musical accompaniment): "Man hunt." From now on the film smells strongly of Hollywood. Horsemen gallop out of the *hacienda* to catch the peons, with the *hacendado's* daughter, out for a lark, among them. Many minutes of rather absurd pot shots at close range. A combination of beautiful photography and amazingly bad marksmanship. A characteristic Eisenstein shot—a straw hat, rolling along the ground: the *hacendado's* daughter has been killed. One of the peons is wounded. The rest are captured. Sebastian is lassoed and hauled back for judgment. "For you, the punishment of the horses."

Against the wide Mexican sky the three peons stand, bound, half-naked, in poses that were evidently intended to remind one of paintings of the Crucifixion. The executioners dig deep holes in the dry soil, one by one the peons are forced in, and buried up to their shoulders. The executioners, on horseback, ride away, wheel, charge down, turn, and charge down again. Turn in their tracks and trample the torsos in the earth. This punishment takes time—horses don't trample people willingly. . . .

The figure of Maria, kneeling by the gashed, motionless corpse of Sebastian, still half-buried in the earth. But the personal story is over. Now come the silent, watchful, secret faces of peons, dark faces gleaming in the shadow of white walls, pairs of eyes menacing and still, the eyes only, between mountainous straw hats and muffling blankets. A beautiful panoramic shot of black, thunderous skies, with the camera sweeping from right to left, then back again. Thunder over Mexico. Revolt! The peons throw off their chains. But the scenes of the revolt are hurried, piffling: crowds running across *hacienda* courtyards, fire, smoke, confusion.

The film's conclusion is so bad and so devoid of any intention, or so incapable of understanding what Eisenstein's intention might have been, that many in the audience laughed. "A new Mexico!" But what is this new Mexico? Hurried, superimposed shots of men in uniform, of young Mexicans wearing football headguards, of people in athletic white forming the letters M-e-x-i-c-o in a public square. And, at the very end, meaningless shots of smiling workmen and huge pieces of revolving machinery.

My final impression is that "Thunder Over Mexico" is a very small molehill to result from a quarter of a million feet of film. Liabilities: an old-fashioned, ham story, a pathetically inept ending, a betrayal of intention (though we do not know what that intention was). Assets: single pictures, often so motionless as to be stills, as beautiful and simple and miraculously composed as paintings. Yes, the most beautiful screen paintings, the most beautiful photography I have ever seen.

Who blundered? At any rate one man did not. He is Eisenstein's camera man, and his name is Tisse. Let him be the hero of the performance. ROBERT LITTELL.

A COMMUNICATION

The Dead of the Next War

[*These two letters refer to Archibald MacLeish's poem, "Lines for an Interment," his review of "The First World War" and Malcolm Cowley's answer to that review, all printed in the issue of September 20.*—THE EDITORS.]

My dear Cowley:

(I trust you will permit this more personal address as it is to you as a poet, rather than to you as an editor of The New Republic I address myself.)

Your very fair comment upon my review of "The First World War" raises two issues: my personal powers of logic and the attitude to be adopted by our generation—yours and mine—toward those whom the War destroyed.

The first is of minor importance. I will not even debate the epithet of propagandist which you confer upon me. I have been, and shall continue to be, engaged to the extent of my powers in opposing the silly but nevertheless mephitic effort of the Communist intellectuals to reduce all art to propaganda for the Revolution. Propaganda can only be fought with irony and ridicule, and irony and ridicule will appear to be propaganda to the propagandists. From a certain point of view, as you yourself have suggested, anything is propaganda which a man doesn't like.

I may, however, in fairness, suggest that my faults of logic are not perhaps such palpable faults as you make them appear. When I say that "the sole motivation of the artist is an *obscure and personal compulsion*" to depict the world as it is, I do not say, and do not mean to say, that the artist is "a mere recording instrument of existing society." Those words are yours and they are, if you will permit me to say so, quite contrary to the obvious meaning of my sentence. There is therefore no contradiction between my remark and my further remark that the artist is not an instrument of society but is indeed the enemy to so much of society as is expressed by the social and intellectual fashions of the day. Both statements would seem to me to be true and to make up a single truth between them

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—which is that the compulsion under which the poet writes is an obscure and personal compulsion to arrest, to fix, to make expressive, the flowing away of the world, whether beautiful or ugly, whether with praise or with distaste, and that the fashionable intellectual ideas of his time, which forever attempt to distort, to sterilize, that flowing away of the world in their own image, are irrelevant, even hateful, to him. You, as a poet, can testify to this truth. You will declare without hesitation that you have written poetry out of your personal emotion and under a personal compulsion, and never to illustrate, or support, the doctrines which have, from time to time during our forty years of the world, been fashionable.

However, I shall not attempt to defend my logic. If it can't defend itself it should go down. The important issue raised by your rejoinder is the issue touching the War. I am grateful for your assurance to the Communist critics that I am neither a Jew-baiter nor a sword-rattler. I presume you address Mr. Michael Gold, whose attack upon my "Frescoes for Mr. Rockefeller's City" recently appeared in The New Republic. Mr. Gold appears to be an intelligent but badly frightened young man whose defensiveness about his politics, his race and his literary career amounts to an obsession. I, for example, am a Jew-baiter to Mr. Gold not because my poem contains a single reference to that race but because Mr. Gold, who suffers from my ridicule of his political ideas, is a Jew. In the same way I am a fascist not because the poem in any way raises the fascist issue but because Mr. Gold, who is hurt by my ridicule of a well known New York literary type (to which, I may add, he does *not* belong) is himself a Communist. Precisely why a magazine with the liberal traditions of The New Republic permitted a reviewer to drag a religious herring across the track I am unable to say.

You have faithfully and justly described my attitude toward war in general and toward The War in particular. My own experience of it was neither heroic nor particularly hard, but it destroyed my brother, many of my friends, two years of my life. My criticism of Mr. Stallings is not that he should have presented the war of Captain Flagg and Sergeant Quirt, but that in presenting a war from which the dead were deleted, save in their corpses, he presented less than the whole truth. I admit that the presentation of the whole truth might be morally dangerous; that the suppression of part of the truth strengthened the force of Mr. Stallings' book as propaganda against war. But as a reviewer of Mr. Stallings' book I could not in honesty ignore the suppression. And I cannot now agree that a distortion of truth, however desirable it may be socially and morally, produces art.

Neither, though I am moved by the sincerity and feeling with which you make your final appeal, can I agree that it is an answer to all this, to the tangled emotions from which we suffer, to the whole spiritual problem of the War, to admit to ourselves now that our friends, those of our generation who died, died in vain. Indeed it was precisely in protest against this point of view that the poem you so harshly criticize was written. Obviously, standing here upon the little heap which time forever pushes up to give a better perspective of the past—obviously you and I, alive in the year 1933 and looking back—obviously we can say in your fine phrase: "they died bravely, they died in vain." The history of the post-war world proves they died in vain. Every economic consideration proves they died in vain. But what, I demand of you as poet, not as editor, what *is* vanity in death? Is it economic frustration? Is it failure to ameliorate the lot of society? Is it historical abortiveness? Or is it perhaps conceivable that death is something between a man and his own soul, a personal and not a social experience? Is it perhaps conceivable that the measure of vanity in a man's death is to be found not afterwards in a history which to him has no existence, but presently in the circumstances in which his death is met? Is it perhaps conceivable that to die generously and in loyalty to a believed-in cause is not, regardless of the success of that cause, regardless even of its validity, to die in vain? I ask you this as a poet.

New York City. ARCHIBALD MACLEISH.

Dear MacLeish:

—But I haven't the art of being schizophrenic. I am radically unable to divide myself into a series of persons—poet, editor, critic, western Pennsylvanian, survivor of the last war and candidate for the next—each one of them having a different response to life and a different truth. I can give you only one answer.

Speaking in my own person, because I have no other, I can say that the issues between us are not at all as you have stated them. Your personal powers of logic? I would be the first to admit them. I questioned only your exercise of logic in your review of Stallings' book, and I did so only because your apparent confusion there cast light on a deeper confusion. Readers of that review will decide whether there was ground for my questioning.—Art and propaganda? This issue has been debated now for three long years, and there would be some value in the argument if anybody had a clear idea of what propaganda was, or art. Let us leave them both in peace. But I'm surprised to find you still believing, after three years, that irony and ridicule used for political purposes are not propaganda. If the Communists answered your nevertheless mephitic outbursts against them with irony and ridicule, would that be propaganda? Of course it would. Propaganda is what the other fellow writes.—The attitude to be adopted by our generation toward those whom the War destroyed? Here we come closer to the real issue, yet even here there is no argument between us which cannot be resolved by definition. We differ chiefly in emphasis—

And this can be proved by what we remember about any of those young men who died so uncomplainingly in the Argonne or along the wet meadows of the Yser. They were good guys—that's what we said about them in those days—and they entered an officers' training camp partly because it was the right thing to do and partly because they felt a physical need for danger. But danger has a way of justifying the cause for which it is endured. Our friends soon became patriots; they believed in four-minute speeches; they marched to the front convinced that they were fighting for Democracy, that they were risking death to remove the menace of the German Beast, to protect their own land from rape by the invader. You know and I know that they felt pretty good about it.

Theirs, of course, was a special case. Most of the ten millions killed in battle were common soldiers. Most of them served long enough to lose whatever exhilaration they

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may have felt in the beginning: there remained with them only a dead nausea and the hope that it would soon be ended and that they could get home perhaps with the loss of a foot or a hand. Some of them mutinied. I happened to be quartered for two weeks with a battalion of Chasseurs that deposed its officers and marched toward Paris. From that one battalion of 1,800 men, the Germans had killed or wounded 15,000 in the course of three years' fighting—the Chasseurs could expect an average life of about four months. After the mutiny the ringleaders were shot by the French. The survivors marched back to the front, where many of them fought with the spirit of steers driven into the abattoir—there might be a chance of life if they went ahead, but it was sure death to run away.

And however they felt about it, they were killed. Patriotism, love of danger, fear, boredom, disgust—all the things that went on inside their heads didn't matter. The shells burst, the machine guns tic-tic-tacked, and presently they became the things that Stallings shows in his photographs—a hand sticking out of the mud, a carcass blown by flies, a unit in a pile of corpses, an entry in a ledger at Headquarters. What shall we say of them now?

We can say, remembering the perished emotions of some of them, that they died generously and in loyalty to a believed-in cause. It is true. Or we can say, measuring their aspirations against the world which their efforts helped to produce, that they died for an illusion, died in vain—and it is terribly true. We can judge their deaths subjectively or objectively. The argument between us, as regards the dead of the last war, is a matter merely of emphasis. But these dead are not the real argument.

The real issue between us is, *How shall we regard the dead of the next war?* In the light of this question, the difference merely of emphasis becomes a gulf of opposed meanings. For, if we emphasize the useless deaths of the last war, we can be certain of our attitude toward the next. But if, on the other hand, we emphasize the happy illusions of these men who died defending their country—from whom?—and saving democracy—for what?—then we can look forward more or less calmly to the battles in which other generous and loyal men, our sons and nephews this time, not our friends and brothers, will die in the same courageous fashion. We may even come to share the illusions of the dead, and we shall in any case defend the system which makes the next war as inevitable as tomorrow.

What are you doing to prevent that war before it is too late? I ask you this as an editor, a man, a poet or anything you please. MALCOLM COWLEY.

CORRESPONDENCE

Sweatshops in the Schools

SIR: Recently there has been a significant student strike in the Berry Schools, at Rome, Georgia. Berry is a school for poor whites which parades itself as a great philanthropic and humanitarian institution. The students pay their tuition by working during the four summer months. Before the depression they were paid from sixteen to eighteen cents an hour, working from ten to twelve hours a day at manual labor of the hardest sort, some of it semi-skilled. This summer, however, the authorities reduced the working students to the disgracefully low wage of ten to twelve cents an hour, while tuition remained the same as before and the prices in the school store, where students must buy their supplies, were raised considerably. Resenting this injustice, the students went out on strike, demanding enough out of four months' work to pay eight months' tuition, and a reduction in the school-store prices. The strike was ended when officials promised to endeavor to meet the demands and not to expel students for striking.

Since they returned to work, students report that the authorities are holding the club of expulsion over their heads. I am an alumnus of Berry and know too well the reality that lies behind their fine story of helping "poor mountain boys and girls." I think the public should be told the nature of this and other missionary institutions with which the South is cursed.

Monteagle, Tenn. DON WEST.

Politics and Career Men

SIR: I want to commend most heartily your editorial in the issue of August 23 on "The State Department and the Old Deal." It supplements handsomely Mr. Buell's contention in another issue that Liberian conditions were deplorable probably because such matters had been "entrusted to subordinate permanent officials who apparently have no understanding of or sympathy with the New Deal." As a former foreign-service officer of career I grow a bit tired of the inspired press stuff about the marvelous efficiency of career men and the fearful danger of our foreign policy's becoming tainted with "politics." Just now deserving Democrats and politics are wary words that may conceal the rankest sort of genteel knavery. I recall that when I returned from a Latin American post a "permanent" assistant secretary startled and saddened me with the spontaneous observation that what "they needed down there was a display of force." It is small wonder that internationalism is failing when such matters are put in the hands of those who know little and care less about political experiments and improvements. If in our democracy it would be a good thing to have a beetle-browed general as our Secretary of War and a tub-fast admiral as the nation's Secretary of the Navy, then we ought to go right ahead and make nothing but career men responsible for our foreign policies. I have always contended that career men should comprise the second line; that ministers and ambassadors wer liaison officers and as such should express the international convictions of the President and the party in power. . . . Yes, I can sympathize with Mr. Moley. And we may have to sympathize with Mr. Roosevelt later unless he realizes in time that good intentions, at home and abroad, will serve only as paving material if left to those who are indifferent to new political ideas and lukewarm about anything except what concerns their own vaulting ambitions.

Maxton, N. C. ARNOLD A. MCKAY.

Extracts from Letters

THE Pennsylvania Security League, with the help of other labor organizations, has recently compiled a news sheet recording the votes of each member of the Pennnsylvania House of Representatives on fifteen pieces of social and labor legislation during the regular session of 1933. The sheet, which is published under the title of "The Pennsylvania Black News," is an attempt to break up the state Republican organization which voted against every bill aiming at social and economic betterment. All of our Pennsylvania readers interested in how their representatives voted on these laws should write to the Security League office, Room 608, 339 Fifth Avenue, Pittsburgh, for copies of The Black News.

Mrs. John W. Crawford, a farmer's wife of Bennington, Vermont, writes in to inquire about the statement in Edmund Wilson's recent article on the New York milk strike [The New Republic, September 13] that "the women churned their milk into butter with electric washing machines." "I wonder," Mrs. Crawford asks, "if Mr. Wilson will send me the make of those electric washing machines the New York women used. Up here in the backward state of Vermont we are still using cream and old-fashioned churns. Maybe Mr. Wilson can help us out of our rut."

[It was cream, if you insist; but they certainly used washing machines—I saw them.—E. W.]

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The Historian's Last Chance

Beginning the Twentieth Century, by Joseph Ward Swain. New York: W. W. Norton and Company. 631 pages. $4.75.

IN WHAT Mr. Wells calls the race between education and catastrophe, will history prove a more competent teacher than in the past? It is better prepared for its task. "Today," says Professor Swain, "we are better informed about the background of the World War than about any other period in history." The mass of official documents, the memoirs of statesmen, publicists and soldiers, the polemics and apologetics on a dozen fronts, and the volumes of historical narrative and criticism drawn from original sources constitute a vast literature. Professor Swain's bibliography mentions upwards of five hundred authorities, and his comments indicate that he has digested them all. His book is a clear, compact, impartial and interesting account of "the origins, outbreak, progress and end of the World War" and "of the generation of men who made the War." It is largely political history, although it cannot be said that social and cultural aspects are ignored. And through the closely knit narrative of men and events there runs a thread of interpretation which embodies a salutary lesson to the people of this distracted world.

The conclusion of Professor Swain's exhaustive examination of the phenomena is that the causes of war lie in a phase of popular psychology played upon by the arts of war-makers more subtle and powerful than those to whom history usually gives credit. "It was once the custom," he notes, "to inveigh bitterly against these diplomats and their 'secret diplomacy,' and to attribute the War and the woes of Europe to their intrigues, but the recently published diplomatic correspondence of the pre-war years makes it impossible to maintain this view." On the contrary, Professor Swain relates in great detail the efforts of the diplomats during the century to preserve peace, and especially in July, 1914, to find a way out of the impasse created by the assassination of Archduke Franz Ferdinand and the Austrian ultimatum to Serbia. To the Ministers of England and Germany he gives credit for a sincere desire to avoid war, and to the latter for a willingness, unhappily belated, to put pressure on their ally—"the only statesmen to make such a concession during the entire crisis."

Even to the terrible question asked so searchingly in France—*"Poincaré a-t-il voulu la guerre?"*—he answers, No. Admitting that Poincaré made "no serious effort to avoid war," he attributes his advice to Sazonov to "be firm," to the exigencies of domestic politics. Even the Russians he acquits of planning a world war to open the Straits—"they merely hoped to take advantage of a crisis should one arise"; and he points out that Sazonov in 1914 more than any other Foreign Minister in Europe dreaded an attack by the press. As for Austria, the ultimatum to Serbia had infinitely greater excuse than Wilson's to Mexico, since the existence of the Hapsburg monarchy was at stake.

The fundamental cause of the War lay in the nationalism which had become a religion in the nineteenth century. This faith lent itself to the domestic designs of statesmen, to the rivalry of newspaper proprietors, to the greed of armament makers; it became in the more advanced nations a hysteria of alternate brag and panic affecting public and governments alike, and among backward peoples a fanaticism which made them accomplices of criminals like Pashitch and Venizelos. The wars of national prestige, from the Spanish-American and the Boer Wars to those of the Balkans, infected people everywhere with a blood madness. For all of this, governments had one remedy—preparedness; and the remedy accelerated the disease. It was not secret diplomacy and alliances which wrought the fatal mischief.

> Today we see more clearly . . . that it was really armament and the doctrine of preparedness which drove Europe to war. The only answer which statesmen could find to preparedness and the resulting hysteria was more preparedness, more nervousness, more suspicion, more fear and more hysteria—until at last they had a war.

The case of the United States is the one which concerns us most nearly. The obsession which seized the American people, restless after the disappearance of their frontier and the end of the Indian campaigns, found its first outlet in the Spanish-American War. Professor Swain reminds us how completely diplomacy had removed the cause of this war when McKinley yielded to the popular cry for blood, whipped up by Roosevelt and Hearst. The subjugation of the Philippines, the campaign in China against the Boxers, and adventures in the Caribbean, kept the martial spirit smoldering. To a county infected with blood lust by the contagion of the European War, Mexico offered itself as a victim. The humiliating terms demanded as a matter of prestige after the attack on American sailors, followed by the silly if tragic bombardment of Vera Cruz, the mobilization on the border and Pershing's raid in pursuit of Villa, were undoubtedly the result of the popular criticism of Wilson's Mexican policy as weak and idealistic. All this was a pleasing and harmless rehearsal, with parades, drums, flags, communiqués, war marriages, noble ideals and casualty lists, which thrilled the people with pride and made them eager for more of the same.

Professor Swain gives credit to Wilson for a sincere and earnest effort to keep us out of the World War until the last moment, his "peace without victory" speech of January 22 being intended to show his disapproval of the war aims of the Entente as stated by Mr. Balfour. English and French propagandists, however, had already had their way with the more articulate section of the American public, and the lure of prosperity through trade with the Allies had beguiled labor. Wilson's neutrality had been sabotaged by Page in London—not as a diplomat but as a tool—and by big business headed by the Morgans, who "did not know how to be neutral. . . . America could not afford either to continue or to stop the munitions traffic, and the only way out of the dilemma which the bankers could see was to persuade the United States government to enter the War." The final and instant cause of war was afforded by the German restrictions on American commerce, more wounding to national pride than the British because of explicit warning in advance. To the inflated nationalism in this country which took the form of outrages against inoffensive citizens of German origin, similar to those of the Nazis against the Jews, Professor Swain attributes the failure of the Democrats to carry the congressional election of 1918 and the consequent undermining of Wilson's position at Paris. "Wilson and his friends had created a Frankenstein [sic] which turned on them and destroyed them." It was a moral as well as a political destruction, measured by the cynicism with which Wilson declared to the protesting Germans, and later to applauding Americans, that the treaty of Versailles was in complete harmony with the Fourteen Points.

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The story which Professor Swain tells should not be new to anyone, but it has not been told before so comprehensively, succinctly and impartially, nor has its meaning been so clearly read. The lesson is in part drawn from the careers of Wilson, Grey, Bethmann-Hollweg, all of whom meant better than they did. The case of Sir Edward Grey is illuminating. Professor Swain treats Sir Edward tenderly—"On a few occasions he had departed from truth while on others he had used a verbal quibble with intent to deceive; but aside from these few lapses he conducted his diplomacy upon a very high plane." This reminds one of the girl who excused the illegitimacy of her baby with the plea that it was such a little one, or the irony of the Sultan who presented Mrs. Max Müller with the insignia of the order of chastity of the second class. When Grey in Parliament denied that conversations with Russia concerning joint naval action had taken place, the Germans possessed evidence of the falsehood, and henceforth suspected everything he said. Having got himself into a position where he could not tell the truth he should have realized that his usefulness to the cause of peace, which he earnestly desired, was at an end.

More important is the lesson which may be taken to heart by us, the people. If civilization is to be spared another and more disastrous conflict, it will be through our renunciation of the superstition of nationalism. Middle-class governments may of course be expected to oppose this process, not because they want war, but because those who control them desire the economic advantages which may be gained by the threat of war, and the political power which comes from the appeal to national prestige. There is all the more reason for the rallying of the workers and men of good will everywhere to struggle against war as an instrument of private privilege and class domination, and so to put into practice the lesson which history has thus far taught in vain.

ROBERT MORSS LOVETT.

The Search for a Hero

Requiem, by A. E. Fisher. New York: The John Day Company. $2.50.

WRITING of the War—the day Italy entered it and evidently before anyone else understood its significance—Lenin said: "The experiences of every crisis in history, of every great calamity and every sudden turn in human life, dull and break one set of people, *while they enlighten and harden others.*" The greater part of fiction since the War may be said to illustrate half of this truth. We have had impressive accounts, some of them written with great power and eloquence, of the chaos that accompanies the violent disorganizations and reorganizations of society. Both the literature of the War and the literature of the depression have largely dramatized the sufferings of those who have been psychologically or physically wrecked by these crises—and while we have a rich library recording the bewilderment and despair, the anguish and confusion, of those who have been dulled and broken, we have almost no record of the progress of those who have been steeled and hardened by their own suffering and the suffering so inescapably apparent all around them.

Mr. Fisher's novel does not by any means deserve a place with the best of modern writing; it belongs, in style and manner, relative merit and general approach, with the minor work of William Faulkner. Yet it has a significant difference from Faulkner's work, far more important than the differences in style or locale. "Requiem" is as savage and bitter a picture of life in the depression as has yet been drawn in this country, an account of a family ruined and driven mad by suffering, too desperately poor to indulge in the luxury of hope, too thoroughly entangled—with one exception—in the disorganization of society to exercise any control over themselves and their environment. The background of modern Pittsburgh, with its acres of silent mills and its miles of poverty-stricken houses, filters in through the story of a week in the life of this family, much as the background of the town of Jefferson filters in through the story of the doomed family in "The Sound and the Fury."

This is an eventful week; the daughter is married; the father killed; the brothers involved in a quarrel that approaches murder. There is no development except in the sense that the characters are pounded more firmly into their molds under the impact of events: Belle's marriage offers nothing for her but a continuation of her misery; Ed's stupidity and bewilderment grow more unnerving; the mother sinks more and more deeply into her selfishness, until at last she is completely blinded and stupefied, so drained of human awareness that when her husband is killed she is largely concerned with the thought of the letters she must write to his relatives. The radio gives out its terrible, irrelevant outcries; in his madness the father jabbers about Teddy in the White House and a little place in the country; the vacuum-cleaner salesman, bitter and smiling, a ghost out of the past, questions the starving family about its cleaning problem; the daughter drags herself to work in the nausea and fear of her pregnancy. Only Al, the younger son, rises above the nightmare, and it is the creation of this figure that makes Mr. Fisher's novel exceptional in the run of current fiction, and important as an indication of a shift in the cultural currents.

For in Al Mr. Fisher has obviously attempted a conscious literary creation, in the sense that Stavrogin represents such an attempt. He is a prize-fighter and—an unexpected touch in view of the mockery that is lavished on the lone and stupid radical in the novel—he is involved in the violent affairs of a taxi drivers' union, in that part of the struggle that consists in beating up strike-breakers and wrecking the strike-breaking cabs. He is as hard and monosyllabic as Hemingway's gangsters, but unlike them he has constantly surprising moments of insight and a kind of cynical gentleness; with diplomacy and, occasionally, force, he brings a little control into the disordered household; he arranges his sister's marriage; he tries to salvage the utter ruin of his friend's family. He is by no means a completely successful figure; too often Mr. Fisher's imagination fails him and he merely repeats that Al is deft and handsome, that women fall for him, that he says very little; too often, it seems, he keeps his hero down to the level of the urban petty racketeer who probably served as a model. There are accompanying weaknesses in frequent flippancies and loose rhetoric—Mr. Fisher, it seems, follows Faulkner to the point of imitating his weaknesses. Yet the novel represents an attempt to create a character who is equipped to face this life that has been stripped to the bone; and in view of the long dominance in modern fiction of characters who are only highly sensitized, so to speak, at the expense of all other characteristics, who are merely weak and defenseless and inspire pity or revulsion rather than respect, his appearance is significant. He is the type, at least, who is hardened by the sacrifices that our society demands, and we may expect his more frequent appearance in fiction as his social equivalent rises out of the wreckage of our times.

ROBERT CANTWELL.

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Beyond Indignation

Seeds of Revolt, by Mauritz A. Hallgren. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 388 pages. $2.50.

IN THIS study Mr. Hallgren does a very good job of inventorying the economic, social and socio-psychological effects of the current depression on the American people—by which term this reviewer aims to indicate the 72 million men, women and children whose top status appears as "Minimum Comfort" and whose bottom status is "Public Charges" on the table compiled in 1929 by Professor Nystrom of Columbia; this figure, I should explain, is on the basis of a population total of 119 millions, and leaves 47 million people with a status of "Comfort" and above before the crash. Mr. Hallgren also devotes considerable text to analyzing the reactions of the people, especially with respect to the possibility of a decisive seizure of power and reorganization of production in behalf of the 72 millions, and to sizing up the present shift toward state guidance and coordination for capitalism in its monopolistic phase. And here, as well as in his inventory of effects, Mr. Hallgren seems to this reviewer to be consistently sound and right.

Two things help Mr. Hallgren in getting over his ground to some purpose. First, he has put aside all the prayer, worry and palpitation that accompany the wish for making a socialistic omelet without breaking capitalistic eggs; second, he has left indignation behind. He packs his chapters with pertinent detail and keeps his thinking straight. The cases and quotations he presents, however, are extraordinarily calamitous in their implications. In his consideration of the national relief program of the Hoover administration, "Poverty Keeps No Books," it develops that the whole pulpy project was dominated by thoroughly upper-class-conscious mass executioners, rather than by well meaning fatheads and fools. The chief morticians, despite the desperate situation, made no false moves. No anachronistic lapse, but chill-blooded determination, motivated them when they mouthed the philanthropic hypocrisies of 1840 in the face of the winter of 1932.

Few sections of the country, few aspects of the depression, are missing from "Seeds of Revolt." Harlan, Pittsburgh, Detroit, Chicago, Iowa, Alabama—strikes rural and urban, the Communists at work in the motor industry and on the farms, the share-croppers' fight for the right to organize, the barter movement, company "welfare" in the steel towns, municipal collapse and police brutality in Chicago—these and many other significant facts are surveyed revealingly by Mr. Hallgren. Especially interesting is his short survey of the cumulative undermining, under stress of depression emergencies, of the people's confidence in the police, "the state's first line of defense." From the evidence presented it is apparent that this authentic revolutionary trend has proceeded measurably on practically a nationwide scale.

That the United States is approaching a crisis, Mr. Hallgren has no doubt. Economic planning, either as Messrs. Chase and Soule would have it, or as its semblance has taken shape under the present administration, he sees only as the more or less conscious development of monopoly capitalism's formal control of the national economy. A crisis, probably crises, must arrive nevertheless; and it is problematical whether out of such crises newer and more iron phases of capitalistic control will develop, or whether the proletariat will break the hopeless sequence by seizing power for the people. "For while the capitalistic crisis is inevitable, the proletarian revolution is not."

MURRAY GODWIN.

A Grandfather of Revolution

The Romantic Exiles: A Nineteenth-Century Portrait Gallery, by Edward Hallett Carr. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company. 391 pages. $2.75.

ALEXANDER HERZEN, the central figure of "The Romantic Exiles," holds an honored place among the forerunners of the Russian Revolution. Thirteen years old at the time of the abortive Decembrist revolt of 1825, he was soon in trouble for his subversive ideas, and left Russia forever in 1847. Like so many of his European generation, he was demoralized by the failure of the revolutions of 1848. But the ferment which pervaded Russia after the disastrous Crimean War gave Herzen a new lease on hope, and it is his activities of the next decade that assure him a place in history. He became the accepted spokesman of all groups for a minimum program: freedom of the serfs with land allotments, abolition of corporal punishment, freedom of the press. His monthly, The Bell, enjoyed an extraordinary influence, both in Russia and among the exiles.

The hopes of the Russian democrats were soon shattered. After the emancipation of the serfs in 1861 came stark reaction. Herzen's liberal friends in Russia turned chauvinist, and praised the Tsar for putting down the Polish Revolution of 1863; but when the Tsar was through with Polish and Russian revolutionists, the liberals, whose only strength had lain in those pressing behind them, came under the knout. Though Herzen had broken with them and had defended the Polish insurgents, he never advocated anything more radical than constitutional democracy as the road to socialism. Before he died, in 1870, he knew how it felt to see a younger, more realistic and revolutionary generation, under Chernyshevsky, rise up to criticize him severely.

The reader who seeks light on Herzen's political ideas and the Russian background will not find it in "The Romantic Exiles." Mr. Carr's interpretation of Herzen's generation leads him to dwell mainly on their personal problems:

> It was indeed a new age which dawned when Karl Marx replaced Herzen and Bakunin as the most prominent figure in revolutionary Europe. The drab, respectable monotony of Marx's domestic existence already affords a striking contrast to the many-hued, incalculable diversity of the lives of the Romantic Exiles.

This absurd characterization of the love and intellectual community of Marx and Jenny von Westphalen indicates Mr. Carr's bent. He sees the lives of Herzen and his circle primarily in terms of their romantic difficulties. It is true, there was this side to them, and their romanticism is closely related to their politics. Where Marx foresaw the bloody contradictions of 1848 and made the events of the epoch the springboard for his enormous labors, Herzen and his circle were frustrated by the events and turned inward, with excruciating complications. But this is only part of Herzen's story: least of all does it explain why he is a historical figure.

What Mr. Carr has done is lovingly to picture the lives of the Herzen circle as picturesque futility; it makes an interesting story, and we are left with a pleasant sense of our superior realism. But Herzen can't be so easily dismissed. In Russia, where capitalism begins only after the emancipation of the serfs, and where for all dissident groups the objective, until the World War, is a bourgeois revolution, Herzen's democratic program became an important

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force. He is called the father of the Russian Populists *(Narodniki)* because he held to the belief that the peasant communes would be the basis of Russian socialism. But, unlike his Populist successors, he held no reactionary conception of capitalist development in Russia as a "distortion" of the Russian genius; he recognized the importance of the coming Russian proletariat. And the main emphasis of his message was the destruction of the autocracy. It is no accident that one of Lenin's earliest theoretical tasks was to deny to the Populists the heritage of Herzen, and to account him an honored predecessor of revolutionary Marxism.

FELIX MORROW.

André Spire

André Spire and His Poetry, by Stanley Burnshaw. Philadelphia: The Centaur Press. 156 pages. $3.

ANDRE SPIRE, born in Nancy in 1868, is one poet who did not hate his parents. The Spires had been in Nancy long before the Revolution. Their shoe factory provided means for the family's liberality of intellect and engendered the stable and pleasant social equability which is more characteristic of the middle classes in France than in newer or less prosperous countries. Spire's early life was vigorous and athletic, unburdened by mental involution. He had an impetuous year in the army, studied law, and was appointed to the Conseil d'Etat. Then the Dreyfus affair broke, and Spire fought a duel. He and his young friends worked themselves into the social activity of their time. The expression of his struggle with the evils of society was coming more and more in the form of poetry. He felt the influence of Laforgue and Kahn; fortunately there survived the luminous and disintegrating force of Gourmont. The Agricultural Ministry offered him a post which he held until 1914. The position gave him leisure, and the travel it required maintained his intimacy with workmen and the land.

Spire has shown that a poet's way of making his living, his personal contact with society and the material which impels his mind can function together, can culminate in one voice. Attempts at escape are found neither in his poetry nor in his life. At one time, during his early thirties, he saw that he was living a French life and writing French poetry with the unacclimatized emotion of a Jew. He conscientiously accepted this gage, as he did other social ones, and reached that point of hopeful resignation which is often the end of such feeling.

Politically, Spire moved within his affiliations; poetically, within none. His life was one of sharpened seeing, smelling, listening. Of longing and vagueness, tributes to tradition, to futility or to the absolute, his athletic verse, strong and light as aluminum, shows nothing. Without running to Whitman-like prolixity or flogging the lyre, he excluded no material as unpoetical. His poetry came as a musical shorthand for the essences of his ideas. The lines have a breathing rhythm of thought and tone, refined according to the accidental shapes of words. Occasionally, where his critical irony fails, he falls into that not altogether French state of overlyrical welter in which, palpitant, the poet finds his *âme repand*-ing.

Mr. Burnshaw has written, in quiet prose, a good plain account of Spire's life and a scholarly study of his poetic formation. Faced with the skeletal lightness of Spire's music, he has not been successful in giving the lines of the forty poems he translates their original speed, and only suggests their conciseness. There are awkward phrases like "gorgeous gewgaws" and "billowy boat." The tense and changing sounds of Spire's individual timing cannot be reproduced in another language so easily as the repetitive meter of more formal verse. *Vers libre* most often translates into prose.

JAMES NEUGASS.

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ARTHUR HENDERSON, Leader of the British Labor Party

Book Notes

VERSE

A JOURNEY TO NINEVEH and Other Poems, by Kenneth Calvin Page. *London: Noel Douglas. 59 pages. 3s. 6d.*

The first poem, indited to William Blake, ends with a poetic threat against millionaires. In the last poem England, the darling green wold-and-lea England of literature, is abandoned to the purifying social hurricane which blows from Russia—the new philosopher's stone. Page's anger, verging on a state of Poundean irritation, is constant. He is angry with ugliness, women, social injustice. Man appears as a self-betrayed creature, ravished by Nordic industry and religion. Mr. Page mixes traditional with modern poetic speech. His images often have the authenticity of personal experience. Regrettably, near things are generally horrible and distant ones lovely. Fixations with Nineveh, Blake, Leviathan, Jerusalem and Druids are set against fixations with steamships, Kaffirs, stokers and airplanes, with phallic chimneys standing between. Lines like "Down dim glades Arabian tales" mix with lines like "The buck white washes down a well grilled kidney." From these quotations alone, it is to be seen that Page is no musician. His lines are rhymed apothegms, opinions, impressions, and are best when most savage.

PORTULACAS IN THE WHEAT, by Grace Stone Coates. *Caldwell, Idaho: The Caxton Printers. 72 pages. $1.50.*

Childhood and flowers, middle age and flowers, death and flowers: Grace Stone Coates somehow identifies pleasure's concentrates with essences of color in flowers. People are to her both blessed by earthiness and ridden by it; friends and lovers repre-

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sentative of tender pain they do not know they cause. The best to be said about these poems is that they are lightly and swiftly written, and so read. The landscape is spring apple-green; emotions *couleur de rose* or lavender. Mischievous, prankish and elusive, she is pagan in the fields but religious when it comes to the harshness of men's ways. "I'll flip a whimsy, and bring back a wish," she once says. In ending, she asks for peace.

THE SINGLE GLOW, by Axton Clark. *Santa Fe, New Mexico: The Villagra Press. 133 pages. $1.50.*

The quality of Axton Clark's work is immediately plain. The form clearly has the success he wanted it to have, all the way from the competence of his sonnets to the exactitude of his free verse. One notices continual strain and effort, and wonders whence it comes. The first clue is in words which recur: sun, stars, moon, trees, snow, mountains, air, rain, flame, fire and flame again. Again and again he finds ugliness in cities and in society, beauty in the desert and sky, pain in love. Like des Esseintes, he is completely given to understanding himself. He feels the beauty of the weather assuaging his shattered nerves; but this adds only futility to that which he feels already in him. Fundamentally he is concerned with reflections of landscape in the texture of his meditation. Where he is able to extricate himself from cerebration of his pain, the fine poetic instrument he possesses obtains for him a success parallel to Rilke's.

SUMMER GOES ON, by Lawrence Lee. *New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 64 pages. $1.75.*

This is a gay and charming book of verse which owes a great deal to the Elizabethan lyricists and which seems, at the same time, completely natural and individual. Like the Elizabethans, Mr. Lee is both unself-conscious and unpretentious. He writes with great candor and simplicity of his own whims, thoughts or feelings. He writes to ladies on their birthdays, chiding them for trying to conceal their ages; he writes poems on the three daughters of a lady of his acquaintance; on spring; on the Vassar walks; on his nostalgia for the South in the spring. Without the least exhibitionism, a quaint self-portrait emerges, and one sees Mr. Lee as a gay, gallant, religious, gently sentimental, humorous Southern gentlemen of the old school, whose emotions and poetry are centered upon a real love for Albemarle County, Virginia.

Public Questions

SEASONAL VARIATIONS IN INDUSTRY AND TRADE, by Simon Kuznets. *New York: National Bureau of Economic Research. 479 pages. $4.*

Under the inspiration and direction of Wesley C. Mitchell, the associates of the National Bureau of Economic Research have undertaken a systematic and comprehensive study of the various phases of business cycles. Dr. Kuznets' exhaustive work on seasonal variations is their latest contribution to the subject.

VICE IN CHICAGO, by Walter C. Reckless. *The University of Chicago Press. 314 pages. $3.*

Mr. Reckless studies vice conditions and changes in Chicago since the famous Chicago Vice Commission Report of 1911, and the closing of the segregated red-light district the following year. His book, with its seventy-eight tables, six maps and one formula, looks quite like a treatise on building bridges. He presents a formula the purpose of which is to show, according to "the rank correlation method," the correlation for the number of cabarets and vice resorts in nineteen areas of Chicago. He finds that the coefficient (p) developed from this formula is .65. He also gives many case histories and case records, most of them singularly unrevealing. A number of suggestions for reform are offered. Extensive and continuous case work among Morals Court girls should be carried on by trained workers attached to that court; there are remedial possibilities in community rehabilitation, and "the strategy of attack" here is along two flanks: (1) the direction of lives requiring guidance; (2) the construction of better neighborhood morale. This book is an example of super-scientific sociology which should successfully torment at least two generations of students.

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Fiction

A PRINCE OF THE CAPTIVITY, by John Buchan. *Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $2.50.*

Adam Melfort has done time to shield his wife. Released, feeling he must henceforth live "in the shadows," he dedicates himself to finding and developing human "quality"—by which is meant world saviors. After his first prospects have failed him, Adam reposes his faith in Loeffler, the nationalistic German Chancellor, and takes it upon himself to save him from the repeated murderous attempts of the Communists and the "Iron Hands," a royalist organization. "Oh yes," says Adam of the Communists, "murder is their usual card . . . " Then there is Creevey, the British money wizard, who seems to have the stuff but must first be brought to see the error of his selfish ways. This also Adam accomplishes, though it costs his own life . . . and the reader is left to assume that the world situation is well on its way to recovery.

WONDER HERO, by J. B. Priestley. *New York: Harper and Brothers. $2.50.*

Mr. J. B. Priestley is one of those public entertainers who like to think of themselves as something more. Like Congreve attacked by Collier and assuring anybody who would listen that his comedies were not just comedies but a kind of sermon, Mr. Priestley wishes to be thought not only a clean comedian but a comedian with a message—a kind of super-Dickens. "Wonder Hero" is calculated to encourage a great many readers in this view. A very average young man in the Midlands has saved his factory from a bad fire, and is immediately picked out by the limelight of a big London paper. He goes to London and enjoys the commercialized publicity while it lasts and falls in love with the winner of a newspaper beauty contest. But he is a decent sort, and all the ballyhoo sickens him. Later, when it is all over, he discovers just how trumped-up the whole business was; but you may be sure there is a happy ending.

Contributors

H. N. Brailsford, the distinguished English journalist, contributes frequently to Continental magazines. He is the author of several books, the most recent being "Rebel India," which was published in The New Republic Dollar Series.

Hudson Strode, who is professor of English literature in the University of Alabama, recently returned from Cuba, where he has been gathering material during the summer for his book, "The Pageant of Cuba," which will appear next spring under the imprint of Smith and Haas.

Morris Llewellyn Cooke, consulting engineer and trustee of the Power Authority of the State of New York, edited "What Electricity Costs" (The New Republic Dollar Series), a symposium on the cost of distribution to domestic and rural consumers.

Archibald MacLeish, who served in the Expeditionary Force during the War as captain of field artillery, has published several volumes of poetry, the latest of which are "Conquistador" and "Frescoes for Mr. Rockefeller's City."

Robert Cantwell's second novel, "The Land of Plenty," is to appear late this fall, its publication date having been postponed by Farrar and Rinehart.

Murray Godwin, who is at present free-lancing in New York City, has contributed extensively to magazines, both large and little.

Felix Morrow, who has long been interested in revolutionary literature, is the author of "The Bonus March," a pamphlet issued by International Publishers.

James Neugass, who studied mining engineering and political economy at Yale, the University of Michigan and Oxford, has published poetry in The Dial and other magazines. He now lives in New York City.

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